Saturday Review

OCTOBER 1, 1955 / 20¢

THE NATION'S LITERARY EDITORS SIZE UP THE NEW BOOKS

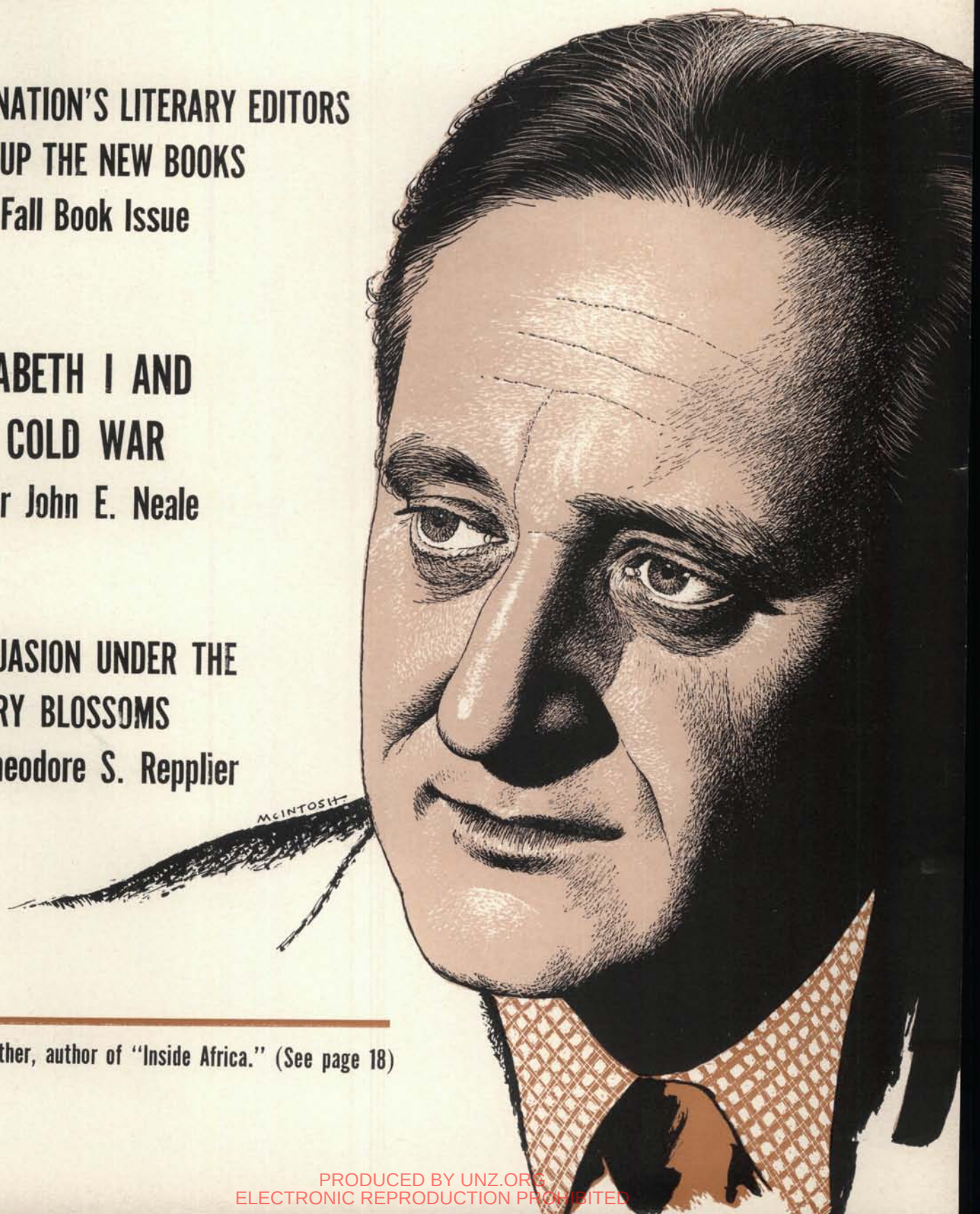
SR's Fall Book Issue

ELIZABETH I AND HER COLD WAR

By Sir John E. Neale

PERSUASION UNDER THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

By Theodore S. Repplier



John Gunther, author of "Inside Africa." (See page 18)

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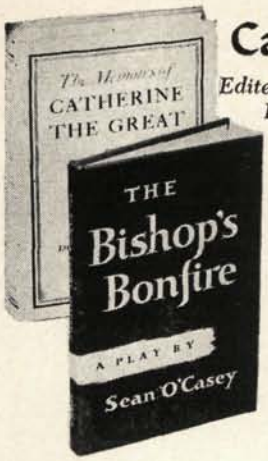

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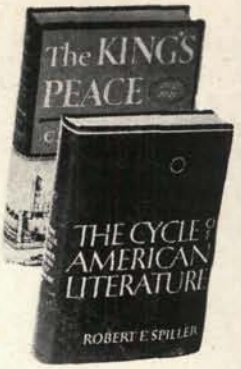

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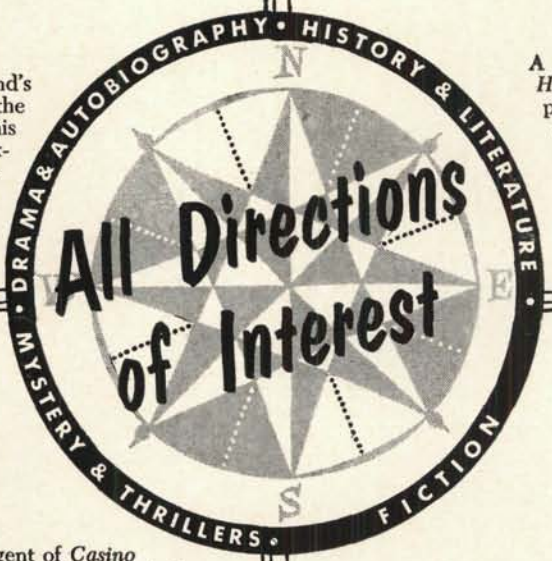

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NOVEMBER

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The Saturday Review
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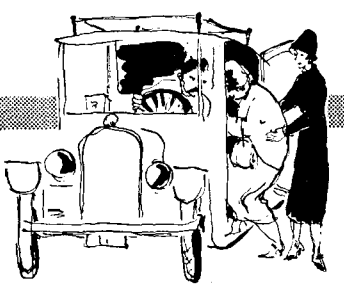

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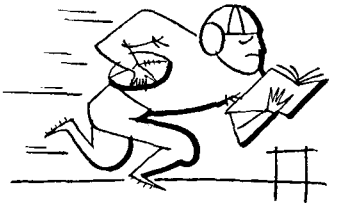
TRADE Winds

JOHN KIERAN, JR. not only looks like his dad but, in all but one respect, thinks and behaves like him. John Kieran was one of the great sportswriters: sports editor of *The New York Times,* conductor of a daily sports column in that paper. John Kieran, Jr. is sports editor of NBC's "Monitor," sports program coordinator for the NBC network he writes, produces, and broadcasts the Friday night show "Sports Highlights"; he writes and directs "Sports Digest." This fall he will write the "Press Box Previews" which will go on before the NCAA-NBC football games.

JOHN KIERAN, SR. was a radio and TV panelist, best remembered for his decade of service on "Information Please." John Kieran, Jr. is a recent panelist on TV's "Down You Go," and is being auditioned for other panel shows. John Kieran, Sr. reads enormously—so does John Kieran, Jr. Sr. has a wonderful memory for poetry—so does Jr. But—and here's the exception—John Kieran, Sr. is an authority on nature. His latest book, "An Introduction to Nature," will presently be followed by "Natural History of New York City," a study of nature in the big city. Jr. knows nothing about nature. He can tell blue grass from other grass only when a Derby contender is running on it. According to J.K.,Jr. he and his brother, at approximately the age of one, decided to split their intellectual inheritance—John taking sports; his brother, now a successful lawyer on the West Coast, taking nature.

JOHN KIERAN, JR., LIKE HIS OLD MAN, loves baseball and he has a lifetime pass to the Polo Grounds. Seems he won it when he was a kid. Eddie

Brannick of the Giants had bet on Schmeling in the second Louis-Schmeling go. Kieran, Jr. had taken Joe Louis. Brannick had put up the lifetime pass. Kieran had put up a new hat to be purchased, if he lost, out of his allowance. But, for all his love for baseball and other sports, his prime affection is for football. John Jr. was mascot for Columbia's Rose Bowl team. When he was in high school he was an All-State fullback, and he played on the Yale freshman team. But he learned the game long before that, sitting behind the end zones with the great coaches, with Frank Leahy, with Lou Little—especially Lou Little. Are you surprised that he sat behind the end zone? That's



where you really see football. Those fifty-yard-line seats merely bring you close to most of the plays, but back of the goalposts is where you see what really happens: the offensive lines charging in and the defensive lines opening up, the hand-off and the fake. Football scouts wouldn't sit anywhere else.

JOHN, JR. SPOKE about some of the sports figures who are great readers: Frank Leahy and Lou Little, the latter particularly in the field of the classics and of nature; Johnny Mize, who always had a new book going; Jackie Robinson, who had to read many books to earn his degree in college and never lost the habit (Jack and his wife are darn good bridgeplayers, too). And the sports commentators read pretty constantly—Red Barber, Mel Allen, Russ Hodges.

AS I SAY, JOHN, JR. IS A CONSTANT READER. But he hasn't yet met up with "A Day in the Bleachers," published a few weeks ago and to my mind just about the best book written about baseball. I'm sending him a copy. He'll like it because it's written in the great tradition that was Heywood Broun's, Grantland Rice's, and John Kieran, Sr's. John and I were a little puzzled that there isn't more good newspaper sports writing today. Most newspaper stories merely recount the game, which is a little silly because so many readers have already seen the game via TV. What's needed now is what we used to have in the great days of Rice and Gallico and company—an interpreta-

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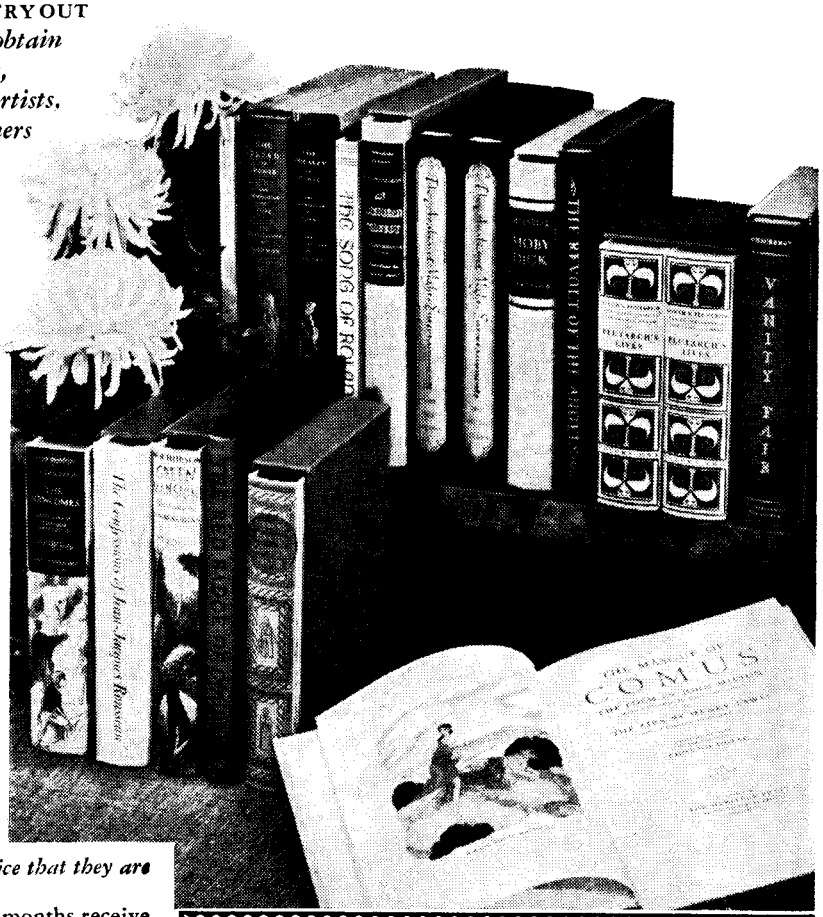
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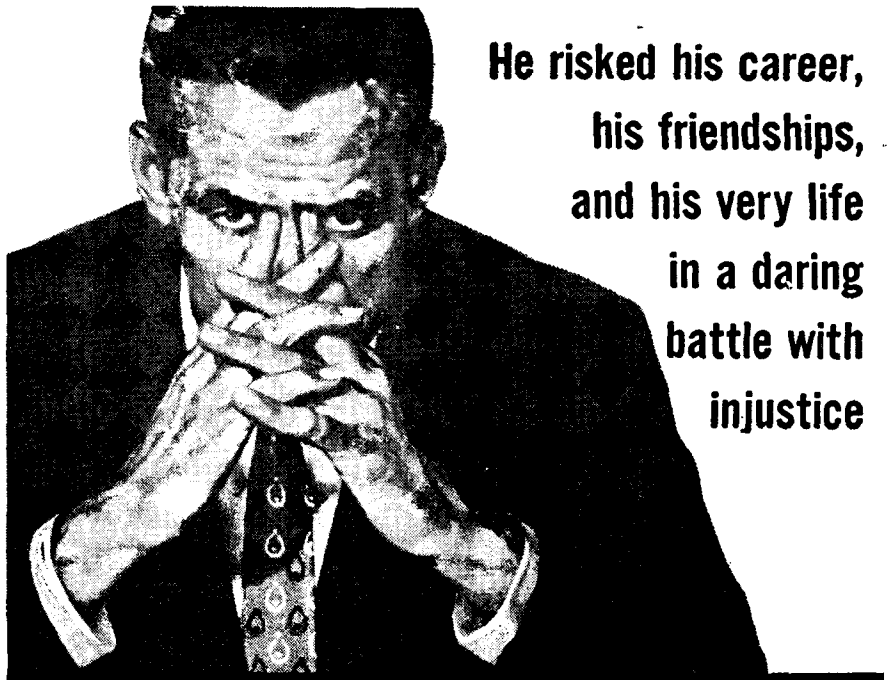

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With all respect to Red Smith, Arthur Daley, and Tom Meany, who are doing a first-rate job, let's hope that there will be more of the same and that, now that we're breaking the four-minute mile and playing a brand of baseball which only the Cobbs and Ruths were capable of before, sports coverage will also set out to make new records.

A MONTH AGO I quoted a few first lines which were calculated instantly to get one interested in a story. Mr. William Newsom, Jr. writes from

California reminding me that Ambrose Bierce was unequaled in this sport and he offers the two following examples:

> Having murdered my mother under circumstances of singular atrocity. . . .
>
> Early one June morning in 1872 I murdered my father—an act which made a deep impression on me at the time.

CAMERON HAWLEY, whose new novel "Cash McCall" may enjoy the same kind of success as did his earlier novel "Executive Suite," was visited by a young editor from Yale's literary magazine. Hawley spent the day with the editor at Hawley's Lancaster, Pennsylvania, farm, fed him well, entertained him with good talk, and late at night put him on the train back to New Haven. Hawley was sure that he had made a favorable impression on the young man and indeed he had, for when the result of the interview was presently published its opening sentence read: "Cameron Hawley has an ugly face but a nice one."

I AM HAPPY TO REPORT the current activities of a successful mystery writer. Two years ago Ira Levin won the Edgar Allan Poe Award for his "A Kiss Before Dying." By the time the Edgar was handed to him he was already in the Army. Now he has completed service and is hard at literary

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work again. A few months ago he wrote such a successful abbreviated TV version of "No Time for Sergeants" that he was immediately tapped by Maurice Evans, who's producing the same novel as a stage play. Ira has finished writing the stage play. Finished, that is, except for such rewriting as may become necessary as the rehearsals and try-outs progress. I'm assured by playwright friends that this kind of rewriting seldom requires more than twenty-four hours a day, but Ira is the boy for it—a hard worker and a brilliant technician.

INCIDENTALLY, "NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS" is another recent refutation of the claim that fiction just doesn't sell any more. The Book-of-the-Month Club has distributed 160,000 copies of it, Random House has sold 125,000 through regular trade channels, Books Abridged has bought it and guaranteed a circulation of at least 60,000 copies, New American Library has bought the reprint rights, Warner Bros. has bought the movie rights, foreign rights have been secured in Great Britain, in Sweden, in Denmark, in Norway, in the Netherlands, in Italy, in Germany, and in Japan. A good job of writing by Mac Hyman and a good job of promotion by Random House, whose president is Bennett Cerf.

AND THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY to pass on to you the good news that with next week's issue of *The Saturday Review* Bennett Cerf will be conducting this column again. I've thoroughly enjoyed trying to fill his shoes during these eleven weeks. Now I can do something that is much more enjoyable than writing my version of TRADE WINDS: I can read the real McCoy.

—ALAN GREEN.

Minotaur

By Ben Ray Redman

HE COUNTED lost each
moment spent awake,
But for the sake of friends
He rose and dressed and drank,
Then quickly sank
Back to the warm oblivion
of sleep.
And so his nights and days
became a maze,
Without an Ariadne's thread,
or Minotaur—
Yet sometimes, in a looking-
glass,
He could have sworn he saw
the monster pass.

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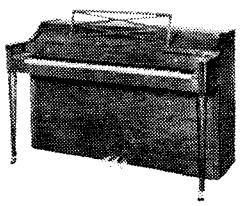

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Reviews . . .

The Years of the City *George R. Stewart* " . . . his tale of a city that never was can teach readers a lot about the cities that really were — and the cities that are." — *Time* ($4.50) **The African Giant** *Stuart Cloete* "Like the Africa it describes, Stuart Cloete's new book . . . is teeming — with people, with idea, with lush vegetation, the savages who are animals and the savages who are men . . . his is a fascinating book from beginning to end." — Herbert L. Matthews, *N.Y. Times* ($4.00) **The Haunted Hacienda** *Madison Cooper* "Madison Cooper's narrative skill is so instinctive and so vital he is able to make you smell, taste, see, hear, and touch all these events fully without ever losing sight of the people involved in them." — Lon Tinkle, *The Saturday Review* ($3.75) **Poems** *Elizabeth Bishop* " . . . one of the best books an American poet has ever written: the people of the future will read her just as they read Dickinson or Whitman or Stevens." — Randall Jarrell, *Harper's* ($3.50) **Something of the Sea** *Alan Ross* "I should be surprised if he does not become one of the most significant writers of his generation." — Harold Nicolson ($3.00)

. . . and Previews

The Best American Short Stories, 1955 edited by *Martha Foley* is an annual collection that has set a standard of excellence in presenting this typically American form of writing. September 29 ($4.00) Here for the first time all of *Amy Lowell*'s poetical works have been collected in one volume. It includes all the poems contained in the eleven volumes of verse that were published between 1912 and 1927, as well as a number of other poems that have never been previously published in book form. Introduction by Louis Untermeyer. **The Complete Poetical Works of Amy Lowell** will be published October 6. ($6.00) **The Times Atlas of the World,** volume III, Northern Europe, after many postponements will be available in its *special binding* for the rigors of American central heating on October 17. (until November 15, $20.00. After November 15, $25.00) One of the most enriching books of the decade was *The Sea Around Us.* In her new book, *Rachel Carson* makes another gift of territory too little known, **The Edge of the Sea.** October 26 ($3.95) Some of the ablest, liveliest, and most provocative editorial comment of our time has issued from the pages of Harpers' editor, *Bernard DeVoto.* **The Easy Chair** ($4.00) is a collection of his best, from Harpers and other magazines. October 25

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 1, 1955

ELIZABETH I AND HER COLD WAR

—Culver.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ironically, the more famous and learned an historian is the more difficult it usually is to get him to discuss matters outside his own period—especially current affairs. The man is so soaked in one century or one reign, and the families, wars, haberdashery, and language of that one time, that it comes to seem to him entirely unique, without lessons for or relevance to living men. But from time to time he will break down. Elizabeth I ruled through a "Cold War" crisis of so many startling similarities to our own that *SR* succeeded in getting Professor Sir John E. Neale, one of the world's finest Tudor scholars, to describe it for us, though he is very careful to make us draw our own contemporary conclusions. Sir John has been Astor Professor of English History at the University of London since 1927, member and fellow of many American and British societies, and author of innumerable papers and books on the sixteenth century, most recently the epoch-making "Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments" (British Book Centre).

By SIR JOHN E. NEALE

WE ARE living in an age of ideological conflict and are troubled by the strains it imposes on society. The totalitarian state spreads alarm; we fear doctrinaires with their subversive organizations; we suspect fellow-travelers; we endure the Cold War; we think of quislings and the fifth column as instruments of foreign conquest. The fanatic's way of life we know to be dynamic; and though we say "It shall not happen here" we are not inclined, after our experience of the last twenty years, to boast that it cannot happen here. We are at odds about the policy we should pursue. Passion breeds passion; and unless we feel deeply about our own ideals we are at a disadvantage against the enemies of society. Moderation, which is a liberal virtue, takes on a watery appearance. It seems uninspired and inglorious, prone to defeat.

In such a dilemma it may be useful to turn to history, which is the treasury of recorded experience. History never repeats itself, but it offers analogies. Just as the historian, consciously or unconsciously, uses the present to understand the past, so there is a reverse process. It is the most weighty of the justifications for the writing and study of history; and a nation which is historically minded is more likely to be fortunate in its affairs than one which is not.

For an analogy with our own times we cannot do better than turn to the Elizabethan period in English history. Such terms as fifth column, fellow-traveler, cold war, and the totalitarian state may be of recent origin, but the ideas for which they stand were as familiar to Elizabethans as they are to us, and their ordeal was as long drawn out as ours. In their case, moreover, we know the outcome. It is one of the great success stories of history.

Few historians nowadays would hesitate about ascribing the chief credit for this success to the Queen herself. In her own day her enemy Pope Sixtus V acclaimed her as great. Her Protestant subjects had no doubt about it. They believed that they were living at the summit of their country's glory; and their temper and achievements proclaimed the dynamic character of the age. Nevertheless, the Queen's policy, which she pursued with impressive tenacity, was that of

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the *via media*—one we do not normally associate with exuberance and glory. To examine the situation which confronted her, explain her policy, account for its success, and, above all, discover why the spirit of the nation, so far from being deflated, was never more buoyant: this surely cannot be an exercise remote from our present-day interests.

WHEN Elizabeth I came to the throne in November 1558 she found her country, and the western European world in which it was set, divided by the great conflict of the Reformation. In due course and after much suffering men learned to separate religion from the State, at least to the extent of tolerating divergent creeds. But for the sixteenth century, inheriting the medieval conception of the Christian Commonwealth, that solution of the problem was beyond comprehension and therefore outside practical politics. Church and State, for the time being, were indissolubly joined, and the Reformation imposed the choice of Catholic or Protestant. In other words, the State was ideological in an age of conflicting ideologies. Its problems were similar to ours; and since the Catholic Church, like Communism today, was universal in its claims and international in its organization, the parallel with our predicament was very close.

Elizabeth may be described as Protestant by destiny and upbringing. Educated by able Renaissance scholars of liberal outlook, experience during the short reigns of her brother and sister deepened her distrust of fanaticism. She was only twenty-five when she came to the throne, but for five years she had watched Mary Tudor govern the country as a Catholic devotee, and had learnt much from her own personal danger. If ever there was a lesson that passion and politics do not mix well, it was that reign. Instead of making England united and Catholic, as was fondly hoped, Mary had intensified faction, alienated moderate and patriotic men, and cast a gloom over the nation by the clerical character of her Government, the excessive use of the stake against dissidents, and the subordination of English to foreign interests.

Several hundred of the most active Protestant divines and laymen fled abroad to escape her persecution. There, developing the singlemindedness of the revolutionary, they lived for the day when they would return, destroy Catholicism, and build the New Jerusalem in its place. Their hopes were centered on Elizabeth, their Deborah; and they looked to her to justify the blood of the martyrs by setting up a more extreme Protestant regime than the country had yet known. A counter-revolution was what they wanted; and the mood of London citizens, as Elizabeth's coronation procession and other events demonstrated, was similar. When the first Parliament of the new reign met, in January 1559, the House of Commons proved to be likeminded.

Elizabeth understood what was expected of her and rose to her destiny to the extent of deciding on an immediate break with the Papacy, in this proving more courageous than some of her advisers. But beyond, caution ruled. With her eye on danger from abroad and disunity at home, she proposed to defer doctrinal changes; and, indeed, so far was she from sharing the crusading ideals of her triumphant supporters that for her ultimate settlement she wanted a Church as conservative, comprehensive, and tolerant as possible. She even hoped to carry the more moderate of Mary's bishops with her, which would have rendered her less dependent on the radicals. In the event, the bishops refused to cooperate and so the Elizabethan Religious Settlement—the famous *via media* of our history books—emerged from a stubborn struggle between the Queen and a pressure-group of Marian exiles, directing the agitation of the House of Commons. Elizabeth was forced to make concessions—they can be seen in the Anglican Prayer Book of today—but she denied the radicals their thorough reform. It was in this opportunist way that the Anglican Church, which time has made so venerable, came into being.

Thus, at the outset fanaticism was checked. The advantages of the policy were quickly apparent. During the early, critical years of the reign, while Elizabeth was consolidating her authority, Catholic forces abroad were not provoked into attempting her overthrow, Catholics at home remained quiet, national instead of factional sentiment was fostered, and domestic peace was preserved. England escaped the religious wars of western Europe. That was one of the signal achievements of the reign: a miracle profoundly appreciated, though few grasped its secret. True, the radicals proved troublesome. They persisted in regarding the Settlement as a temporary measure, dictated by expediency. They practised nonconformity in defiance of the law, and they maintained their agitation. The Queen, however, knew that she could rely on their loyalty; and had time and circumstance permitted they might have ceased to be a serious political problem.

The opportunity of unfolding its merits in peaceful isolation was unfortunately denied to the religious *via media*. England was drawn into the great storm of the Catholic Counter-Reformation and subjected to strains quite as severe as those we ourselves have endured. The Religious Wars broke out in France, continuing intermittently for a generation. The

(*Continued on page 47*)

Summer Entombed

By Kate Barnes

REMEMBER summer, for the summer is dead
And lies beneath the oak leaves in the hollow
Deep in hard ground. Who could have seen that head
In its green chaplet and thought that winter would follow
So sweet a season? But the bank-side swallow
Has left the river where the shallows freeze
Among dry reeds and the dark wind is taking
The brightness from the leaves, last leaves from the trees
While everywhere the bare branches are breaking,
Brittle with frost and the wind's importunate shaking.

Summer is dead, and dead is all her grace;
Like her past hours, the final birds are flying.
A bitter mask is set upon the place
Where blossom went to fruit: the fruit is lying
Frozen among the roots and the roots are dying
Slow on their sleeping sap. "Now never more,
Never more, the golden haze of bloom
To any stalk . . ." the reeds along the shore
Speak, and break in the wind while, deaf to such doom,
Summer lulls like a child and smiles in her tomb.

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PERSUASION UNDER THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

By THEODORE S. REPPLIER, *president of the Advertising Council, who has spent six months studying American propaganda around the world under the auspices of the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships. His article describes the detailed problems of the American propaganda policy outlined in* SR *Sept. 17.*

FRANK WARING, the economic counsellor of the American Embassy in Tokyo, calls Japan "the world's number one economic problem." This is the first fact the propagandist must note. For, if Japan's overpopulation drove her in prewar days to seek overseas empires, her plight is far worse today. The war cost her 52 per cent of her territory. In an area the size of California she now crowds 87,000,000 industrious people, and every year her population grows another million; she will have 100,000,000 by 1970. Only 16 per cent of her mountainous islands are arable, and on this 16 per cent she manages by the world's most diligent land use to grow nearly 80 per cent of her food, supplemented by the edibles her efficient fishing boats wrest from the seas. But the remaining 20 per cent of her food must be imported, along with most of her iron ore, coking coal, wool, cotton, oil, etc.

Many of Japan's factories—the survivors of American fire bombs—are down at the heels, and to add to her woes she has a serious shortage of power; her production of electric energy runs only 500 kilowatt hours per capita, a low figure for an industrial country. Her banks are overextended. It is a standing joke in Japan that no company—however inefficient—goes broke, because the banks are already up to their hips in red ink and cannot countenance the demise of even a bad creditor. Japan's imports have far exceeded her exports, although lately the situation has improved. Her former trade with her lost empires of Korea, Formosa, China, and Manchuria is down to a miserable dribble. The gap between income and outgo has been filled, one way or another, by Uncle Sam—with either grants of aid or by large-scale buying for the Korean War. But the Japanese know this can't last forever—they have watched U.S. spending in Japan shrink from $700 million to $500 million in one year, and are casting their nets in every direction for new ways to make ends meet.

Trade with Southeast Asia and trade with Red China are the two solutions to Japan's troubles mentioned most often by Japanese businessmen. The economic binge of the Korean War is over—the easy days when a deluded Japanese banker chided an American correspondent for buying a medium-priced car by saying scornfully, "This is a Cadillac age!" The Japanese are again showing their characteristic energy and realism in facing up to the hard facts. "We have modernized our plants as much as our capital permits," a Japanese steel executive told me, "Now we—and Japan—have a fifty-fifty chance to survive."

Unless and until Japan's economic crisis recedes our propaganda problem in Japan is inside a king-size economic problem.

JAPANESE MARXISTS

Nobody knows for sure how many Communists there are in Japan. Their chief strength, as usual, is in the ranks of labor and the intellectuals. Japan's universities, whose name is legion, are definitely Marxist. There are seventy-two universities in Tokyo alone. One American, a student of the subject, says the left-wing Japanese professors are "mystical Marxists" rather than Russian Communists, and most observers bear him out. There is little doubt, however, that many—if not most—Japanese colleges have a ruddy hue.

Numerically the left is not now strong in Japanese politics. A recent poll conducted by *Asahi* showed less than 5 per cent of those interviewed going on record as favoring either Communists or left-wing Socialists, and better than 50 per cent of those questioned lined up with the two rightist parties, the "Democrats" and the rock-ribbed conservatives called "Liberals." But a little hunger could change these alignments fast, and with the average Japanese salary around 30,000 yen or $85 a month many Japanese are never far from hunger.

JAPANESE CHARACTER

Old Japan hands love to dissect the Japanese character. The mass communicator must erect a few such guideposts, and here are a few that are useful.

First, the Japanese are about the most industrious race under the sun. They seem never to stop working; after twelve hours of manual toil they are just warming up.

Second, Japanese are rightfully proud of their great and ancient arts, their traditions and legends. Despite the popularity of Western music, American jazz, and the movies, their *kabuki* costume dramas of ancient legends play year after year to packed houses. Tea ceremonies are crowded.

Third, the Japanese way of life is rooted in paternalism. Japanese society is "vertical." A father takes care of those in his own compound; the commercial organization does likewise, to the point where firing is almost unknown. The Japanese cor-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Making Amazons

MILITARY Training Division proposed that WAC field units be required to administer a physical fitness rating test every three months, the rating to consist of scores made on four exercises . . . known, respectively, as the "dip," the "sit-up," the "wing-lift," and the "squat thrust.". . . To make the required score of *Good,* a woman was expected to perform all four exercises in succession with a speed dependent on her age. For a woman of fifty from three to eight full dips first had to be made without pause, with the body supported on hands and toes and lowered by bending the elbows until the chin touched the floor and then returned to position. Second, from twenty-eight to forty-eight sit-ups had to be performed, also without pause, with the body brought from a lying to a sitting position without the use of the hands. Third was the wing-lift, in which the body was face down with the hands clasped behind the neck, and the upper part of the body then raised until the breast left the floor; a woman of fifty was required to do from sixty-nine to eighty-five of these lifts in one minute. Last was the squat thrust, in which the subject squatted, thrust the legs out behind until the body was straight and rested on hands and toes, returned to a squat, and then to a straight-knee stand; a woman of fifty was required to do from fifteen to eighteen such thrusts in thirty seconds. For a younger woman the required scores on all four tests were considerably higher. . . . Protests at once arose in the field . . . The AAF reported with alarm that their first woman to try the test, although herself a young physical training teacher, was hospitalized for a week with a strained back.

—From "The Woman's Army Corps" by Mattie E. Treadwell (Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army).

The Office Party

THE only *sensible* rules of etiquette concerning the office party seem to be: a) don't go if you can possibly help it; and b) if you *do* go, leave early. Almost all such affairs seem to have disastrous effects, one way or another, but there are a few obvious pitfalls which might be avoided. . . . Aside from not going at all or leaving early, the sensible guest has only one other protection: don't drink too much! The dangers of an intoxicated state at an office party should be obvious to all. And you mustn't forget to thank the members of the committee the next day and congratulate them on the success of the party.

The party will no doubt be a topic of conversation for weeks to come in some office circles but he who keeps mum will stay out of trouble. The party should be past history, as far as you're concerned, the minute you enter the office Monday morning.

—From "Dictionary of Etiquette" by Nancy Loughridge (Philosophical Library).

Mr. Churchill Plans a Battle

"WE must," Mr. Churchill said to me, "together gain control of Dakar. For you it is capital. For if the business goes well, it means that large French forces are brought back into the war. It is very important for us. For to be able to use Dakar as a base would make a great many things easier in the hard Battle of the Atlantic. And so, having conferred with the Admiralty and the Chiefs of Staff, I am in a position to tell you that we are ready to assist in the expedition. We mean to assign to it a considerable naval force. The necessity of bringing it to help in covering England, as well as in our operations in the Mediterranean, demands that we should do things very quickly. That is why we do not agree with your proposal for landing at Konakry and proceeding slowly across the bush—which would oblige us to keep our ships in the neighborhood for months. I have something else to propose to you."

—From "A Window on Greece" (Roy).

The Cliffs of Meteora.

Then Mr. Churchill, coloring his eloquence with the most picturesque tints, set to work to paint for me the following picture: "Dakar wakes up one morning, sad and uncertain. But behold, by the light of the rising sun, its inhabitants perceive the sea, to a great distance, covered with ships. An immense fleet! A hundred war or transport vessels! These approach slowly, addressing messages of friendship by radio to the town, to the navy, to the garrison. Some of them are flying the Tricolor. The others are sailing under the British, Dutch, Polish, or Belgian colors. From this Allied force there breaks away an inoffensive small ship bearing the white flag of parley. It enters the port and disembarks the envoys of General de Gaulle. These are brought to the Governor. Their job is to convince him that if he lets you land the Allied fleet retires, and that nothing remains but to settle, between him and you, the terms of his cooperation. On the contrary, if he wants a fight, he has every chance of being crushed."

And Mr. Churchill, brimming over with conviction, described and mimed, one by one, the scenes of the future, as they spurted up from his desire and his imagination.

"During this conversation between the Governor and your representatives, Free French and British aircraft are flying peacefully over the town, dropping friendly leaflets. The military and the civilians, among whom your agents are at work, are discussing passionately among themselves the advantages offered by an arrangement with you and the drawbacks presented, on the contrary, by a large-scale battle fought against those who, after all, are the allies of France. The Governor feels that, if he resists, the ground will give way under his feet. You will see

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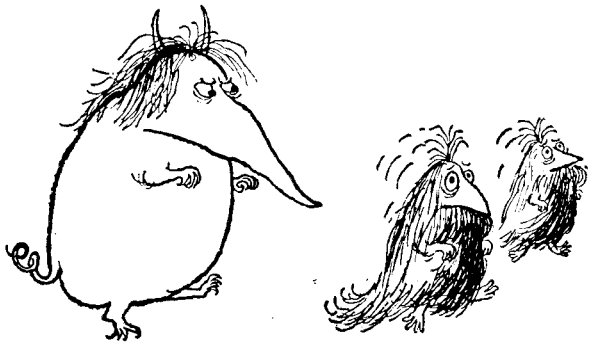
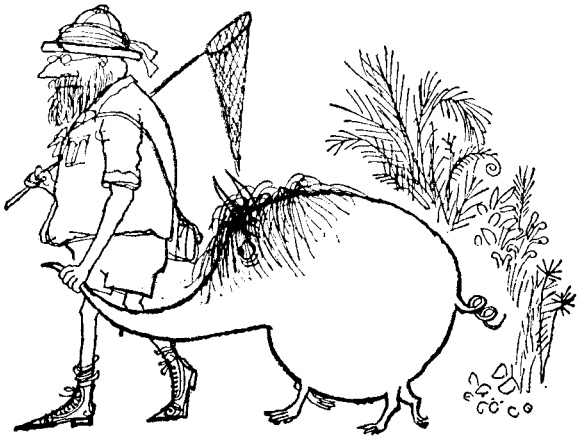


The Gerund Attacks Some Peaceful Problems.



Kennedy Discovers the Gerund and Heads It Back Into Captivity.

A Gerund Shut Out—No Place for It in One of My Sentences.

Social Snobbery. A Gerund "Cuts" a Gerundive.

—*From "How to Be Topp" (Vanguard).*

"The Private Life of the Gerund."

hat he will go on with the talks till hey reach a satisfactory conclusion. 'erhaps meanwhile he will wish, 'for onor's sake,' to fire a few shots. But e will not go further. And that eve- ing he will dine with you and drink o the final victory."

Stripping Mr. Churchill's idea of the eductive ornaments added to it by his loquence, I recognized, on reflection, hat it was based on certain solid data. *-From "The Call to Honour: The War Iemoirs of General de Gaulle, Vol- me 1" (Viking).*

Who's Looney?

NOTHING is more common than the idea that we, the people living in ie Western world of the twentieth entury, are eminently sane. Even the ict that a great number of individuals i our midst suffer from more or less evere forms of mental illness pro- uces little doubt with respect to the eneral standard of our mental health. Ve are sure that by introducing better ıethods of mental hygiene we shall nprove *still further* the state of our ıental health, and as far as individual ıental disturbances are concerned, we look at them as strictly individual incidents, perhaps with some amaze- ment that so many of these incidents should occur in a culture which is supposedly so sane.

Can we be so sure that we are not deceiving ourselves? Many an inmate of an insane asylum is convinced that everybody else is crazy, except himself. *—From "The Sane Society" by Erich Fromm (Rinehart).*

Scandinavian Sobriety

ONE evening in Oslo I was a guest at a small private dinner at which were present an eminent statesman, the president of a bank, a leading lawyer, and a ranking permanent of- ficial of government. During the course of an excellent repast we drank, I suppose, one cocktail, a couple of glasses of wine, and, as the talk con- tinued long after midnight, a brandy or two. When we broke up the banker offered to drive me to my hotel in his car. But just as we were preparing to step into it he hesitated and then said something which surprised me.

"No," he said. "It would be against the law."

"Against the law?" I asked, wonder- ing what he could possibly mean.

"Yes, we have had a couple of drinks. That's one too many for me to be legally entitled to drive this car."

He hailed a taxi.

It was in this way that I first became acquainted with the strictly enforced and severe temperance laws of Nor- way, which I later found to be similar all over Scandinavia.

The statutes against drunken driving are only a small part of them, but they are illustrative of the measures to check excessive (and in most places in Norway even modest) drinking and its consequences. Anyone caught driv- ing a car with more than 0.05 of 1 per cent of alcohol in his blood gets an automatic jail sentence of three weeks, no matter who he is, Norwe- gian or foreigner, rich or poor, emi- nent or unknown, and whether he causes any mishap or not. You learn quickly how much drinking it takes to get 0.05 of 1 per cent of alcohol in your blood; one ordinary drink of spirits (a cocktail, a whisky, an aquavit) plus one glass of light beer.

If you indulge in more than that of

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an evening you drive at your own peril. Most don't.
—*From "The Challenge of Scandinavia" by William L. Shirer (Little, Brown).*

Chicago Debutant

CHICAGO in the decade after the First World War was a very gay place. There were parties for everyone, but especially for debutantes and their escorts. I was the male equivalent to a debutante. Naturally, as long as we were still at school or college, these plush entertainments were confined to the summer holidays, and to a terrific three-week period at Christmas, during which we fox-trotted our way—or toddled! have you forgotten the "toddle"?—through a concentrated program of tea dances, dinner dances, and supper dances, seeing almost nothing of our families, and returning at the end of vacation to our various educational institutions worn out ("pooped," we called it).

Modern young people know nothing of the rigors involved in the Jazz Age in having a wonderful time. Nowadays girls come out, if at all, *en masse* at a gigantic charity ball. Then they appeared one by one in a meticulously ordered procession, attended by alarums and excursions and as many expensive solemnities as their parents could possibly scrape up the money to pay for. The dates for these holiday fiestas were set twelve months in advance and inscribed in a book kept by Miss Eliza Campbell, who for years held the same position with us that Miss Cutting held in New York, as a kind of ring-mistress to the social circus. We youngsters knew about the principal events long before the invitations were sent out. About the first of November the stiff, squarish envelopes started to arrive; presently I had a mountain of them on my desk, to deal with which took hours of time that might more profitably have been spent on "Philosophy 201" or "Ethics of Christianity."

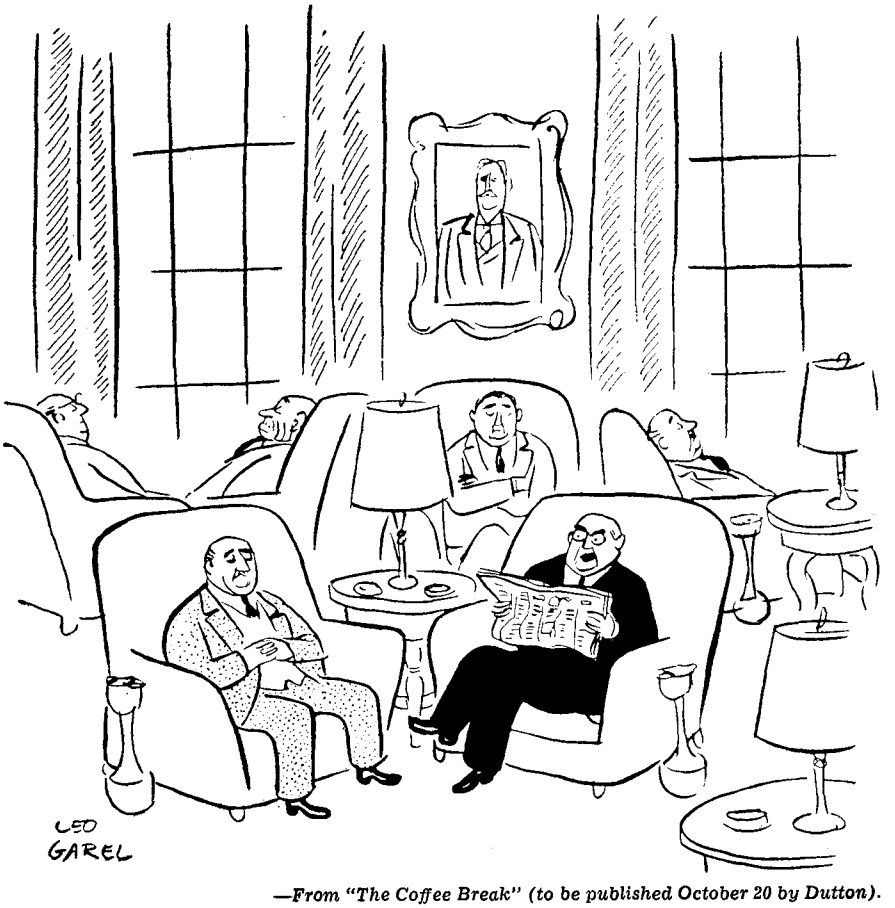
I followed a simple and sensible procedure, dividing the cards into three general piles: 1) invitations from friends I intended to accept; 2) invitations from friends I intended to regret (usually on account of some conflicting and superior offer); and 3) invitations from people I didn't know. It was not my fault that this third pile was not similarly subdivided. Curiosity, I am almost sure, would have led me into making a few hopeful experiments; but here Mother was adamant. In her youth, and even as late as the seasons in which my elder sisters came out, Chicago society had still been a happy, homogeneous group; why couldn't it ha stayed so forever? She was horrifi at the idea of our being bidden break bread or tread a merry measu with strangers, and commanded us decline all such dubious proposals return post, accompanying her i structions by strictures on the "co mon" look of the offending past boards—awkward wording, ugly l tering, dates written out instead in ciphers *à l'anglaise*, etc. She or called Miss Campbell to task for pe mitting such a deplorable state of a fairs to rise. It is rather difficult to s how the latter could have prevent it, since she was employed by thc aspiring hostesses and had to fill th ballrooms somehow.
—*From "Chicago, with Love: A P lite and Personal History," by Arth Meeker (Alfred A. Knopf).*

Paris Has Two Minds

THE mind of Paris is a split mir constantly contradicting itself. Y go into a shop and ask for somethi relatively simple and the shopkeep will start to argue and convince y with elaborate logic that what you a for is impossible, and even if it we possible it would be of no benefit you. You are content, you thank h and bid him goodbye. Now he sto you, reverses himself, and with l index finger to his nose he pleads yo case and convinces you and hims that what you asked for is the mc important and urgent thing in tl world.
—*From "The World of Bemelman by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking).*

Freud and the Income Tax

IT was unusual in those days Austria for citizens to be metic lously exact in making their incor tax returns, and Freud was probat no exception; it would not be surpri ing if he put the needs of his fami before those of the Emperor's. On o occasion about 1913 the Departme concerned wrote expressing th astonishment that his income was r larger "since everyone knows that l reputation extends far beyond t frontier of Austria." To which Fre tartly replied: "Prof. Freud is ve honored at receiving a communicati from the Government. It is the fi time the Government has taken a notice of him and he acknowledges There is one point in which he cann agree with the communication: th his reputation extends far beyond t frontier of Austria. It begins at t frontier."
—*From "The Life and Work of Si mund Freud: Years of Maturity" Ernest Jones, M. D. (Basic Books).*



—*From "The Coffee Break" (to be published October 20 by Dutton).*

"By gosh, Martin, we're living in exciting times."

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THE NATION'S LITERARY EDITORS SIZE UP THE NEW BOOKS

HIS year, as the leaves turn and Americans repair indoors to start turning bookleaves again in ırnest, the chances are that the volmes they pick up will be the work established Big Names. At least ıat is what is suggested by the fact ıat five of the eight books most freıently recommended by the twenty-ve book editors participating in *SR*'s test poll are from the desks of riters whose names have become ousehold words over the years. A xth book is a biography of a great oman of letters.

The books most often suggested for ading this fall are:

"Marjorie Morningstar," by Herman ouk, thirteen votes.
"Andersonville," by MacKinlay Kanr, eight votes.
"Band of Angels," by Robert Penn arren, seven votes.
"Inside Africa," by John Gunther, ve votes.
"The Genius and the Goddess," by ldous Huxley, four votes.
"Hiroshima Diary: The Journal of a ıpanese Physician," by Michihiko achiya, four votes.
"Jefferson Davis, American Patriot," v Hudson Strode, four votes.
"The Moth and the Star: A Biography Virginia Woolf," by Aileen Pippett, ur votes.

This is the seventh autumn *SR* has sked the book editors of newspapers ı all sections of the country to recomıend six titles—fiction or general—ıat they believe deserve the attenon of discriminating readers. Of the eventy-six books they named, thirtyıree are fiction and forty-three genral. In the hope that you will find ıeir suggestions useful as a guide) your own reading, we list them all elow.

Once again the editor is greatly ıdebted to Marianne Gutman for ssistance in compiling the list, to ohn Haverstick for help with the ınotations. The names in the brackıs are those of the book editors ıaking the nomination.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

VE VOTES

ISIDE AFRICA. *By John Gunther. Harper & Bros.* $6.
Mr. Gunther, who has got inside a great any places, has this time got inside the very big continent of Africa. (Babcock, Barkham, Bond, Hormel, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

HIROSHIMA DIARY: The Journal of a Japanese Physician. *By Michihiko Hachiya. Translated and edited by Warner Wells, M.D. University of North Carolina Press.* $3.50.
The record of thoughts and acts between August 6 and September 30, 1945. (Bond, Douglas, Little, Smith.)

JEFFERSON DAVIS, AMERICAN PATRIOT. *By Hudson Strode. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.75.
The first volume of a new biography of the President of the Confederacy. (Douglas, Flowers, Little, McManis.)

THE MOTH AND THE STAR. *By Aileen Pippett. Little, Brown.* $5.
A biography of the English novelist Virginia Woolf. (Hass, North, O'Neill, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

THE DESERT AND THE STARS. *By Flora Armitage. Henry Holt.* $4.
A biography of Thomas Edward Lawrence, leader of the revolt in the Arabian desert during the First World War. (Flowers, Hormel, Yeiser.)

GRANDFATHER STORIES. *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Random House.* $3.50.
The experiences of an up-state New Yorker who lived during the early nineteenth century, as told to and now recalled by his grandson, a distinguished octogenarian novelist, biographer, and essayist. (Hogan, Molyneaux, North.)

YEAR OF DECISIONS: Volume I of the Memoirs of Harry S. Truman. *Doubleday & Co.* $5.
The well-heralded memoirs of ex-President Truman, this first volume being an account of his first year in the White House. (Barkham, Cross, Kogan.)

TWO VOTES

THE AFRICAN GIANT. *By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
A good deal of inside information about the politics, economy, and sociology of that portion of Africa which is known as the West Coast, all jotted down by a fellow who has been inside Africa ever since he was born. (Hass, Herzberg.)

BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST. *By Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. Oxford University Press.* $6.95.
Some enthusiasm about the man whose real name was William Cody, all done up in big bright colors by two well-known editors, one of whom is not only the descendant of Cody but is also the maker of Sell's Liver Paté and the editor of *Town and Country* magazine. (Babcock, Cross.)

THE FAMILY OF MAN. *Compiled by Edward Steichen. Clothbound, Simon & Schuster,* $10. *Paperbound, Maco Magazine Corp.,* $1.
Last winter's collection of photographs, straight out of the Museum of Modern Art and with a prologue by Carl Sandburg tying them all together. (Hogan, North.)

HIGH ADVENTURE. *By Edmund Hillary. E. P. Dutton.* $4.50.
Another one for the mountain-climbing addicts, this one being the entire climbing story of the author, from his earliest climbing days to his Everest climbing days. (Cady, Douglas.)

THE KING'S PEACE. *By C. V. Wedgwood. Macmillan.* $5.50.
A fresh retelling of the events in Great Britain from 1637-1641 that led up to the beheading of Charles I. (Dolbier, Hass.)

NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN. *By Denis Johnston. Little, Brown.* $5.
Some blending of philosophy, religion, adventure, and reporting, all put together by a war correspondent who has seen Africa, Italy, Malta, Yugoslavia, and other interesting places. (Snajdr, Yeiser.)

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE. *By Charles P. Curtis. Simon & Schuster.* $4.
The first book-length analysis of the Atomic Energy Commission's hearings on the question of security clearance for atomic scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer. (Hass, O'Neill.)

OUR SAMOAN ADVENTURE. *By Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited with an introduction and notes by Charles Neider. Harper.* $4.
In published form for the first time, a three-year diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson. (Dolbier, Hormel.)

PORTRAIT OF BARRIE. *By Cynthia Asquith. E. P. Dutton.* $3.50.
Lady Asquith sets out to prove that it is all nonsense that the creator of "Peter Pan" never grew up himself, and she ends up giving a fairly complete picture of the man he grew to be as well as several pictures of other literary lights he grew to know during his lifetime. (North, Smith.)

THE SANE SOCIETY. *By Erich Fromm. Rinehart.* $5.
Some serious discussion about the place of man in a society whose chief aim is economic productivity instead of human productivity—a situation which Dr. Fromm, along with others, deplores. (Flowers, Herzberg.)

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Associates.* $3.75.
Mr. Krutch this time investigates a good many aspects of desert life, including the road-runner, the Dipo, and the kangaroo rat, and describes them all with some fascination. (Cross, Flowers.)

ONE VOTE

AMERICAN ESSAYS. *Edited by Charles B. Shaw. Mentor Books. Paperbound,* 50¢.
Sample offerings: "The Titan Leeds Hoax," by Benjamin Franklin; "Literature," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "Exhibit X," by James Thurber; "The Sahara of Bozart," by H. L. Mencken. (Hass.)

CAPTAIN COOK AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC. *By John Gwyther. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
The voyage of the *Endeavour,* 1768-1771, which added Australia and New Zealand to the British Empire—and established an ever-enduring vogue of coral-reef romance and musical comedy. (Molyneaux.)

A FAMILY OF TWO WORLDS. *By Ann Bridge. Macmillan.* $4.50.
Gentle reminiscences of the author's mother during Civil War days, all told as the author remembers them from her mother. (Hormel.)

GEORGE ORWELL. *By John Atkins. Frederick Ungar Publishing Co.* $4.50.
The first full-length study of the English writer and political thinker who wrote "Animal Farm" and "Nineteen Eighty-Four." (Smith.)

THE GREEK MYTHS. *By Robert Graves. Penguin Books.* 2 vols. Paperbound, 95¢ each.
A retelling of the ancient stories of the Greek gods and heroes, together with some modern anthropological and archeological conclusions about them. (Yeiser.)

HIGH MOMENT: Stories of Supreme Crises in the Lives of Great Men. *Edited by Wallace Brockway. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
All about the moments of choice in the lives of great Americans. Some subjects: Socrates, (by Irwin Edman), Washington (by Douglas Southall Freeman), and Jefferson (by Claude G. Bowers). (Snajdr.)

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. Vol. II. *By Ernest Jones, M.D. Basic Books.* $6.75.
The second volume of a projected three-volume work on Dr. Freud, this one dealing with the doctor's years of "participation"—years which followed closely upon his years of "splendid isolation," from which the first volume was formed. (Cross.)

(*Continued on page* 38)

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—Erich Hartmann.

THE AUTHOR: In the process of taking notes for "Inside Africa," John Gunther, who by now has been inside more places than he has been outside, increased his reputation as one of journalism's most indefatigable legmen by 40,000 miles in travel, 105 visits to towns, and 1,503 interviews with people. Gunther took notes on only *these* 1,503 interviews; just how many of Africa's 197,998,497 other inhabitants he interviewed *without* taking notes is unknown. Regardless, there is no record of a single one of them saying "Mr. Gunther, I presume?" In writing his "Inside" books—this is the fifth; the first, "Inside Europe," appeared twenty years ago—Gunther gets around. He took giant steps across the Far East for "Inside Asia," which came out in 1939, and he clocked 18,000 miles for "Inside Latin America," which came out two years later. "Inside U.S.A.," published in 1947, required twenty-seven months of legwork. For "Inside Africa"—he spent a year inside Africa—Gunther and his wife took fifty-four different air trips over the continent's 11,262,000 square miles. Occasionally things became a little rushed. "During one period of twenty-five days," he says, "we slept in sixteen different places, and in one stretch of five weeks we had (breakfast excluded) exactly one meal alone." On completing his A(Aba Dina)-to-Z(Zulus) safari for facts—he returned home carrying 1,000,000 words of notes on his back—he came to a full stop for two years, sleeping in the same place almost every night, having his meals alone with his wife, and writing the book. "Inside Africa" has 400,000 words, or 2.5 words of notes for each word of print, which is the way it should be. When the manuscript, which was as high as Mount Kilimanjaro, was turned in to his publisher Gunther and his wife left for Europe. Their trip is labeled "a holiday," but *quien sabe?*, as they say. In any case, there is a rumor that sixty-four porters have been alerted to carry off Mr. Gunther's notebooks when the *Liberté* docks here in a couple of days. —Bernard Kalb.

AFRICA

"Inside" No. V

***"Inside Africa," by John Gunther** (Harper. 952 pp. $6), is an American reporter's journalist's report on a vast and diverse continent currently very much in the news. It is reviewed here by Emory Ross, author of "African Heritage," life member of the Royal African Society of London and of the Royal Geographical Society of London.*

By Emory Ross

WHEN *SR* published its issue on "America and the Challenge of Africa" only twenty-nine months ago (May 2, 1953) the average American was completely in the dark about Africa. But about that time the realization that Western man—and indeed Western civilization—was facing a crisis there began to dawn upon Americans, a realization hastened in recent weeks by front-page newspaper stories about the efforts of the South African Government to enforce *Apartheid,* about atrocities perpetrated by the Mau-Mau tribes in Kenya, about discoveries of fabulous stories of uranium, about the uprisings of Arab nationalists along the Mediterranean.

To enlighten Americans on the subject of the once-dark continent some three dozen books have appeared, each attempting to encompass some phase of the many diverse and complex African problems—the problems of a continent four times larger in area than the whole United States, that contains a score of countries (a minor one alone is bigger than the whole state of Texas) and almost two hundred million people who speak a total of 700 different languages.

Of these books none is more ambitious an undertaking than "Inside Africa," the new 952-page volume by John Gunther. It is the fifth of his series of "Inside" books, the first one, "Inside Europe," published back in 1935, having brought its author, who was up to then a little-known foreign correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News,* into international prominence. Since then Mr. Gunther has written "Inside Asia," "Inside Latin America," and "Inside U. S. A.," all of them highly popular accounts of the historical and the contemporary realities of these separate parts of the world.

None of Mr. Gunther's previ projects was as mammoth as this o To accomplish it he and his wife tra eled 40,000 miles, visited 105 tow and interviewed 1,503 persons (fr pygmies to emperors). In the end M Gunther produced 2.52 miles of point Electra type—more mate about Africa than can be found b tween any other single pair of bo covers. The canvas is broad, but t details are often minuté; there is i terpretation as well as reportage.

It is as impossible to pass a verd on Mr. Gunther's book in a sin word or a sentence as it is to su marize its subject. Some parts a most admirable. The treatment of Po tuguese Africa, for example, thou brief, is sound. Portuguese Africa i country of censorship, of secret poli and of a totalitarian authority of bo church and state, and of these M Gunther, having gotten in and out the country, writes freely even if r fully. His report on the Cent African Federation is also illumin ing. In it he gives credit to the Ame ican Metal Company for betteri working conditions in its Northe Rhodesian copper mines.

LIKE Africa itself, however, M Gunther's book has its bad featur Chief among these is his tendency err in his details. I have not had t time to check the entire text, but sp tests indicate the nature and degree his failings in this respect. In the fi few pages of his report on the Belgi Congo, for instance, he uses the te "Baluba" as the name of an Afric people; "Bakuba" is correct. Aga the heart of Joseph Conrad's "Heart Darkness" was not the lower Con as Mr. Gunther says; it was Equator

Unhappily, Mr. Gunther's errors a not confined to matters of fact. With the many pages of his book he offe many conflicting judgments. Of Keny for example, he writes, "It is the wo trouble spot in Africa." Then, appa ently forgetting this statement, writes of the Union of South Afri "It is the sorest spot on the continen Of Albert Schweitzer, to whom he d votes a chapter, Mr. Gunther says, "I has comparatively little interest in h man beings as such." Then he follo this statement with a description Dr. Schweitzer's singular services human beings and with a descripti

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f his widely useful relationships with
iese human beings.

There are also serious omissions.
'here is, for example, very little refer-
nce to the Christian religion, which
iitiated and still carries the major re-
ponsibility for educating the peoples
f the entire African continent and
'hich has gathered more African vol-
nteers to its ranks—twenty-one mil-
ion of them—than any other power
ntering Africa from the West. And
here is this hardly credible statement
n the book: "The fact that Liberia,
s an example, has no more than ten
iiles of paved road could in the long
un do more to promote Communism
han all the propaganda in [*sic*] Mos-
ow ever printed."

Yet such errors and omissions and
iisstatements are hardly catastrophic.
'here has long been a vast need for a
ook of the scope of "Inside Africa"
nd Mr. Gunther has worked hard to
ill it. For scholarship and accuracy his
ook does not match the two-volume
Native Problem in Africa," by Ray-
nond Leslie Buell. But Mr. Buell's
ook was written in 1928 and is now
utmoded. Neither does it match Lord
Hailey's one-volume "An African
Survey," a book published in 1938. To
ttempt a summary of a book and a
ubject that defy generalization, "In-
ide Africa" is a book Americans
ught to read—cautiously.

New Light on a Dark Continent

FOR the intellectually curious desiring to inquire into Africa further than John Gunther's "Inside Africa," *SR* offers the following critically annotated checklist of outstanding books published in the past two years. The quotations introducing each section are drawn from Mr. Gunther's book.

AFRICA *is as big as the United States, Western Europe, India, and China put together; its area is one-fifth that of the entire land surface of the globe. . . . [it] is like an exploding mass of yeast. Its fermentations are not merely political and economic, social, cultural, religious.*

AFRICA: A STUDY IN TROPICAL DEVELOPMENT. *By Laurence Dudley Stamp. John Wiley & Sons.* $8.50. A skilfully-written, well-illustrated textbook of the economic geography of Africa, its history, and its present political development.

AFRICA, LAND OF MY FATHERS. *By Era Bell Thompson. Doubleday & Co.* $3.75. The editor of *Ebony* magazine, an American-born Negro, spent three months touring eighteen countries on the African continent and manages to describe some of her experiences vividly, though she may have traveled too fast and too far and in too short a time for her book to be the last word.

THE AFRICAN GIANT. *By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4. The latest writer's-eye panorama of the continent, all told by a native to South Africa who decided to travel around a little outside his own native region.

THE AFRICAN AWAKENING. *By Basil Davidson. The Macmillan Co.* $2.50. An impartial account of the underlying reasons for the current troubles of Africa.

AFRICA TODAY. *Edited by Charles G. Haines. The Johns Hopkins Press.* $6. Nineteen studies of modern Africa as seen by Western eyes. A major contribution to the study of modern Africa, though the book has been sharply criticized for containing too little divergence of opinion.

BEFORE THE AFRICAN STORM. *By John Cookson. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50. A knowledgeable interpretation of the tensions of modern Africa, all well written by a British editor of what corresponds in England to our Voice of America.

CAIRO TO CAPE TOWN. *By Reginald Reynolds. Doubleday & Co.* $5. Some toe-stubbing forthrightness about the black man's problems written by a reporter who spent six months traveling throughout Africa and, unhappily, may have missed some sights which he should have seen.

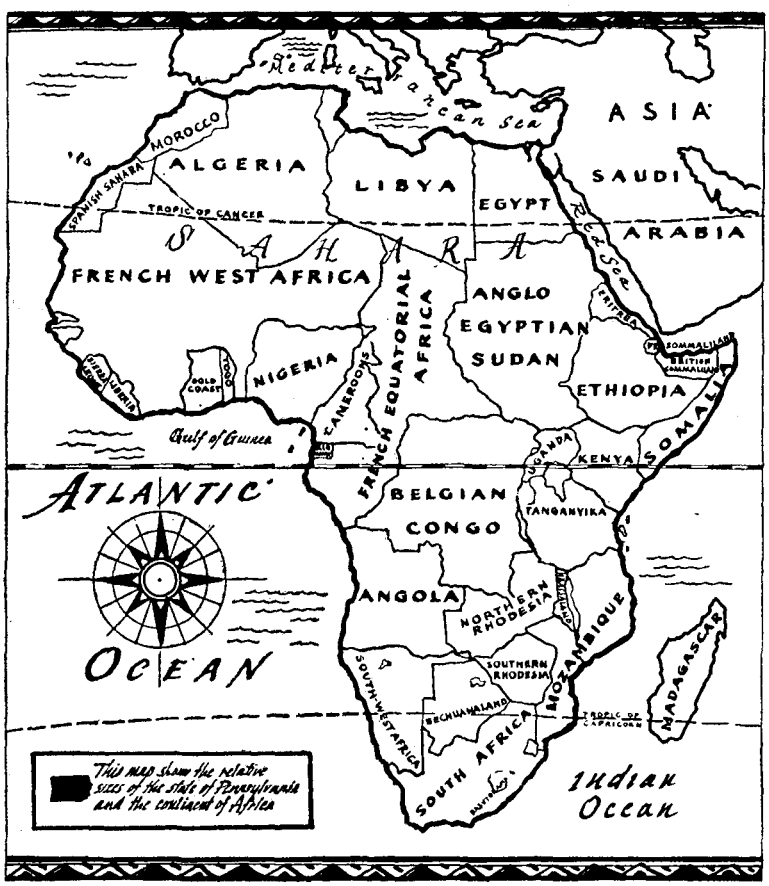
REPORT ON AFRICA. *By Oden Meeker. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $5. A cheerful introduction to the continent, all put down by a traveler who also managed to cram into his work a good deal of history, geography, anthropology, and economics.

NORTH AFRICA—*at least its coast—is not merely Africa, but Europe* [*and*] *part of Asia too. Profound Asiatic influences—one need only mention Islam—have penetrated it.*

THE SUDAN. *By Sir Harold MacMichael. Frederick A. Praeger.* $5.50. A Britisher's view of the advances made in Sudanese civilization since the arrival of the British.

NORTH AFRICA. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Translated by David Rowan. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $6.50. A cultural history

(*Continued on page* 32)



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Young Shuttlecock

***"Heritage," by Anthony West** (Random House. 309 pp. $3.75), a novel by the son of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West, describes the coming-of-age of a sensitive boy born and reared under unusual circumstances.*

By James Kelly

IT is pleasant to report that Anthony West's career as a novelist, which began auspiciously with "The Vintage" (1950) and faltered badly with "Another Kind" (1952), has hit the high road. Having learned the literary rules as a professional critic in London and New York, Mr. West now exhibits a rare ability to navigate by them. Whether it is taken from life or imagination or (more likely) a tart blend of both, "Heritage" comes closer to fulfilling the true meaning of "novel" than any we have had in quite a while. No central conflict could be more multi-faceted or satisfyingly illuminated from within and without than this one narrated by a boy who grows up as the shuttlecock in a fierce competition between famous, estranged, egocentric, unmarried parents.

It is a world of refined, bitchy cruelty, with all inhabitants perfectly willing to use any weapons available, from a handful of mud to the elegant strategems of Restoration comedy. Neither Max Town, celebrated H. G. Wellsian journalist and novelist, nor Naomi Savage, the toast of stage and screen, are ever quite sure where the illusion of their creative vehicles ends and the self-deception of their own lives begins. Perhaps they must stay apart because they are too much alike, too impatient with humdrum details, too intent upon their own success as public performers. In any event, their son Richard Savage never runs the danger of cozy family complacency during these recollections of moneyed, sophisticated bohemia in England and France, beginning with public-school days in the early Twenties and ending with pre-Munich excitement.

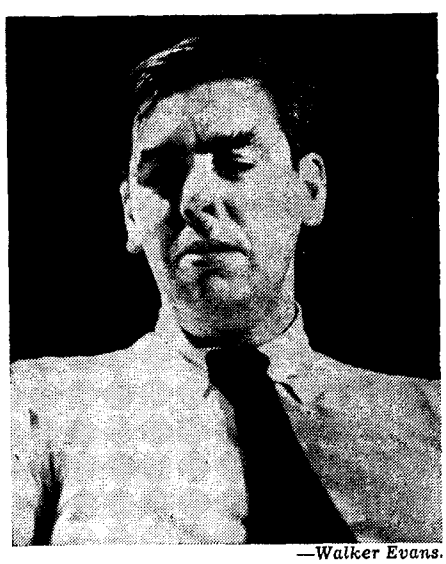
AS A pawn in an all-out fight between two strong people to vindicate themselves by making their son conform to their own disparate images Richard becomes enviably aware of (and prepared for) the perils of adulthood: "I was flattered and excited, I recognized that I was being invited by one adult to make a party against another on level terms and took my first step forward into that world of lies, treachery, deceit, and fierce emotions that lay beyond childhood. The pretenses that fathers and mothers love each other and their children as a matter of course could now be abandoned, the fathers loved the fathers, the mothers the mothers, the children looked after themselves, and occasionally their interests coincided, the important thing was not to be caught up in one's own lies, or to be fooled by anyone else's."

To the author's credit, there is no grinding of axes or polemical heat in the no-boy's land he has fashioned for us. Following a superbly convoluted relationship between mongoose-quick creative personalities through the skirmishes of theatre, letters, and tawdry behind-scenes personal life, Mr. West has concentrated (as he did not concentrate in "Another Kind") upon viable characterization and honest observation of scene and mood. What emerges is an honest novel, with an oblique strength which seems more than adequate to hold both plot and the entertaining irrelevancies which surround it: travel writing about Cannes and Wiltshire, the philosophy of liberalism, *à propos de rien* political predictions, the Nazi view of personal happiness, and the pseudo-humble confessions of a self-made man to a son.

In his early schoolboy phase Richard seems very much the wronged and humiliated child as he buffets back and forth between mother with lovers and father with loudly erotic mistresses. This is drama which picks up in intensity as the boy himself becomes a personality with ambitions to be a playwright, an avid curiosity (satisfied) about sex, and the fine ability to interpret nuances of behavior in his unpredictable sire and dam.

At phase two Richard becomes the young master with a delightful *grisette* of his own (niece of his father's aristocratic Prussian mistress) the self-assured heir of a vast manorial estate owned by the hard-riding stepfather for whom his mother has renounced the theatre, a poised young man of the world who can carry off a Christmas holiday with his legitimate half-brothers and their families. In the climactic third phase all principals reach theatrical condition "at liberty" at about the same instant. Naomi, preparing to abandon her type-casting as snobbish matron for a new and headier role; Max, now a grand old man of letters whose domestic affairs are settled by higher powers; and Richard, secure at last, exultant at the vistas opening ahead. As the pattern of relationships is lost the curtain precipitately closes.

Applause for "Heritage" will vary, depending upon individual response to the subject matter. But not even tepid observers will be likely to deny that remarkably apt novel themes are here, woven together by craftsmanship and artistic understanding.



—*Walker Evans.*

Anthony West—"has hit the high road."

Mirage

By Eric Barker

WHERE Moses' plashy rod would fail
Finding not a rock to shatter
Water is the only thing
That could prove the heart
of matter.

But there being rock nor rod
Nothing here believes in God.

If it did the bubble burst
When it offered sand for thirst

Where the palm tree is a wraith
In a mirror false to faith.

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"... the mirror of the past [held up] before the present."

Empathy on the Block

"The Changelings," by Jo Sinclair *(McGraw-Hill. 323 pp. $3.75), reports the crisis that develops as it appears possible that Negroes may settle in an old residential street of a Midwest city.*

By Victor P. Hass

TWO NOVELS do not make a trend nor, as a usual thing, do two novelists reverse a hard-running tide. It is heartening, nevertheless, to find both Herman Wouk and Jo Sinclair braking heavily in their new novels and then swinging toward those ancient meadows of fiction where decency and virtue, discipline and hallowed institutions, honesty and goodness are not subjects for mockery but for deep respect.

It is interesting and perhaps significant, too, that Mr. Wouk in "Marjorie Morningstar" and Miss Sinclair in "The Changelings" both have found fruitful fields for exploration in Jewish communities, the former in New York and the latter in what seems to be Cleveland, and that both draw upon a very old culture to emphasize the needs of the new. I do not mean to suggest that there is a similarity between the books other than in their stress upon decency and goodness, for there is none. But for a reviewer who has wallowed too long in the murky recesses of novels huzzahing for sexual freedom and often idiotic social protest it was uncommonly refreshing to read in succession two fine novels that hold up the mirror of the past before the present and find something worthwhile in both.

Miss Sinclair's particular aim here is to probe deeply and meaningfully into racial prejudice. She has told the story of a single street in her big Ohio city—a street of Vincents, Goldens, Zigmans, Valentis, Rinaldis, Connors, Andersons, and Bucholzes, and of the ferment that ensues when there are three "empties" on the street and the advent of the "schwartzes—the Black Ones"—seems imminent. Day after day, and especially on Sundays, the Negroes come, quiet, well-dressed, decent in appearance and deportment, asking if there are rooms to let. The elders in the street close ranks (while keeping a sharp eye on each other for the first sign of a move to the more elegant "Heights," which would have the effect of abandoning the street to the "invader") and it is through the young people on the street that the shift in feeling comes.

There is Jules Golden, dying of heart disease but driving a wedge of sardonic laughter and comment into the wall of prejudice. There is the lovely Judith Vincent, only twelve but a power in the gang, who in the end becomes the agent for the entire street, an agent for good as she makes friends with a Negro girl of her own age and discovers (to her astonishment for it could not have been otherwise) that, except for an accident of pigmentation, here is somebody exactly like herself.

But these are only two in Miss Sinclair's delightful gallery of people, for she offers a yeasty segment of America, taking you into pawnshops, poultry shops, synagogues, kitchens, bedrooms, and little-used living rooms to tell a story as tasty as gefülte fish and as filling. There is compassion here and there is deep understanding. Best of all, there is here a book you can take to your heart. There are not many such these days but one can hope that Miss Sinclair and Mr. Wouk will not walk the trail alone.

Tortured Student

"Young Törless," by Robert Musil *(translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Pantheon Books. 217 pp. $2.95), is the first American publication of a 1906 novel about a boy's ordeal in an Austrian boarding school.*

By Robert Pick

MY reencounter, two years ago, with Robert Musil's "The Man Without Qualities" left me with some doubts about the justification of his European renown; having now reread his earlier novel "Young Törless" I am convinced of his extraordinary stature.

The action of this short work, published originally in 1906, is placed in one of the semi-military upper-class boarding schools of the Hapsburg empire. Yet the book is as alive as though written yesterday. Its poignancy and the wisdom to be winnowed from it do not in the least depend on its faraway time and its estranged place.

Musil tells a horrifying story. The locker of one of the students has been pilfered, some money stolen. Two boys, somewhat older than the rest of their class, find out the thief. They threaten to denounce him to the master, or, worse, "give him up to the class." They literally enslave the frightened boy and, each for his own reason, and out of his own warped instincts, subject the culprit to mental and physical tortures whose gradual refinements of course result in mounting bestiality.

The account of the gradual dehumanization of the victim represents in fact, to quote the publisher's blurb, "an uncanny prefiguration of Nazi methods." But the curiosity which turns young Törless into an accessory to the crime has no counterpart in reality. It is a curiosity far from being depraved in its source, and lives only through the author's almost obscene knowledge of human nature. Musil knows his characters better than they do themselves. He goes beyond what the reader believes them able to do. The abominations Törless becomes a party to, as his brush with homosexuality, have a meaning greater than their role in the plot; constituting an extreme instance under extreme conditions, they stand for the tribulations of every adolescent's first encounter with sex and its component of sadism.

Actually that encounter does not occupy the center of the process Musil dramatizes (with a power heightened rather than diminished by interpre-

(*Continued on page* 41)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Great in Brief

"High Moment," edited by Wallace Brockway *(Simon & Schuster. 273 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Makers of the Modern World," by Louis Untermeyer*** *(Simon & Schuster. 809 pp. $6.50), are both collections of short accounts of the lives of great men but planned on differing principles. They are reviewed below by Edgar Johnson, whose "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography" has recently been reissued.*

By Edgar Johnson

THE BRIEF biographical portrait is an art form of the most demanding rigor. At its best it concentrates into a few shining pages the quintessence of a personality, or spotlights some single episode in which the significance of a whole character is brilliantly displayed. More often, however, it fails in either of two opposite ways. One is the juicelessness of the encyclopedia biography, reducing the live creature to a dry articulation of intellectual bones. The other is the superficiality of the smart magazine "profile," lively as a trapeze-act in a circus, but lacking in psychological depth, mere sawdust beneath the spangles. The problem is to be vivid and at the same time vital, neither to mistake bare fact for breathing essence nor to surrender the complexity of truth for comedy or titillation. The fusion of life and meaning, of empathy and justice, which is the ideal aim of all biography, multiplies in difficulty as the scale contracts.

Wallace Brockway's "High Moment" and Louis Untermeyer's "Makers of the Modern World" are two efforts at this art of heroic compression. The first, containing sixteen essays by different authors, portrays a range of historical figures including Socrates, Joan of Arc, Michelangelo, Washington, Jefferson, Napoleon, Lincoln, Lenin, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The second, entirely the work of Mr. Untermeyer, except for two articles by his son on Planck and Eddington, attempts to outline the lives, characters, and significant achievements of ninety-two men and women from Darwin to Dylan Thomas, the "writers, artists, scientists, statesmen, philosophers, composers, and other creators" whose ideas and actions have molded the modern world.

The thesis behind "High Moment" is that in every great man's life there is a crisis of decision involving the very essence of his nature and establishing his meaning for mankind. Sometimes as early as the age of seventeen, in Saint Joan's extraordinary conviction that *she* must defeat the English at Orléans and crown the Dauphin King of France; sometimes as late as seventy, in Socrates's determination neither to forego the freedom with which he has questioned all things nor to flee from prison; it may come earlier, later, between the outward events of a life.

Debatable as a universal proposition (is there *always* a moment of decision? *only* one? and is a man's *entire* nature necessarily involved?), it is probably true enough in the main, and it has great organizational advantages, especially for a group of essays, like these, averaging about 7,000 words each. It enables the biographer to focus upon what is crucial in a character and its past and to relegate all the rest to periphery or background, and in turn gives scope for deepening portraiture, sharpening drama, and developing the significance of both.

So much for theory; the factual achievement is uneven. Pierre van Paassen is muddily speculative and tiresome about Saint Paul; Maurois orphically fanciful on Goethe's love life and genius. Trevor-Roper devotes all his space to arguing that Hitler's attack on Russia, though a blunder, was not the violation of his military philosophy that it seemed. Most of the other contributors do better. Will Durant brilliantly relates Caesar's past and future to the crossing of the Rubicon; Bertrand Russell skilfully reveals in the Gandhi who rebelled against South African racial discrimination the future emancipator of India; Irwin Edman is lucidly and serenely moving on the martyrdom of Socrates; Louis Kronenberger's sparkling miniature of Gibbon—the shortest in the volume—is a small triumph in mastery of subject and technique. All told, the successes considerably outweigh the failures.

"MAKERS of the Modern World" tackles a staggering task. Here, among many others, are Baudelaire, Bergson, Dewey, Dostoievsky, Eliot, Einstein, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Matisse, Melville, Marx, Pasteur, Proust, Pound, Rodin, Rilke, Sartre, Stravinsky, and Gertrude Stein. To tell the life story, making clear the unique contribution of each, in essays averaging 4,000 words and sometimes much shorter, would challenge the omnicompetence of Peacock's Mr. Panscope, "who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well."

The narratives of Mr. Untermeyer are swift, lively, colorful, often convey character, less often discriminate achievement effectively. Markedly weak in defining the concepts of science, they are better—though not invariably—in suggesting the accomplishment of artists, composers, and authors.

Objective evaluations of Mr. Untermeyer's individual choices are probably impossible, but the categories into which they fall is revealing. Two-thirds of his space is devoted to writers and artists, almost half to poets, dramatists, and writers of fiction. Scientists and inventors together occupy less than one-tenth; statesmen, social reformers, and revolutionaries the same.

There are only two psychologists (William James and Freud), one economist (Veblen), one historian (Spengler), one industrialist (Ford), no entrepreneurs or engineers. Who in Mr. Untermeyer's judgment are the "movers and shakers" of the modern world is crystal clear. I do not say that he is wrong.

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Premier NonPareil . . .

***"Winston Churchill in Trial and Triumph," by Alan Morehead** (Houghton Mifflin. 117 pp. $2.50), is a short account of the many-sided career of Britain's Great Man, the work of one of the ablest practising journalists. Edwin Tetlow, who reviews it below, is a member of the American staff of the* London Daily Telegraph.

By Edwin Tetlow

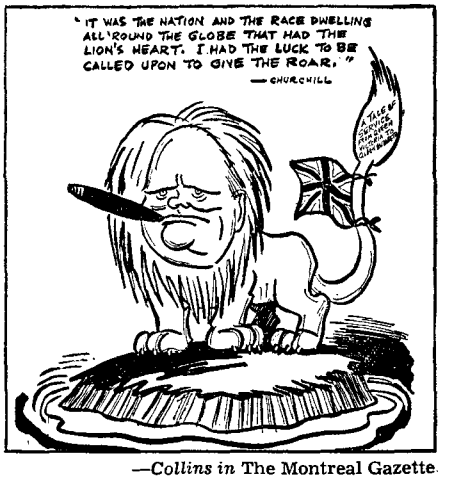
IT IS sure that in the long run more words will be written about Winston Churchill than any other Englishman in the history of that remarkable race up to the present day, and possibly for a few generations to come. The challenge to the historian and the biographer is clearly going to be irresistible. Never was there, and never is there likely to be, such a statesman, politician, patriot, soldier, author, painter, and bricklayer rolled into one. All who have ever had contact with him have their especial memory. My own is of him bearing down in Churchillian grandeur across the lounge of one of the great Cunarders at the end of an historic press conference and declaiming as he stood before a battery of television cameras: "It is a remarkable thought that as I stand here every movement of my features can be seen by so many millions of Americans. . . . . (*pause*) . . . I can only express the hope that the raw material is equal to the means of distribution."

The challenge is, to be sure, irresistible, but it is also as dangerous as that of the siren. He who will answer it must not forget that the subject himself has spoken and written, more or less in his spare time from being an architect of the world's destiny, many millions of words in notable English prose about himself and the epochal events with which he has been concerned in his eighty years. As in all his fields of endeavor, he has tilled the literary one to the limit of his redoubtable powers.

Yet, of course, the students and writers of the future must have more to ponder and work upon than the words of the master. It will be essential for the corrective lenses of the contemporary observer to be available. It will be desirable that sketches, anecdotes, and appraisals of men who lived in the Churchill era shall abound. The value of these contributions will lie more in their tenor than in their facts. They will contain a freshness and a topicality which will be missing from the colder efforts of the later writer. Alan Morehead's "Winston Churchill in Trial and Triumph" will take quite a place in this class. It will be overtaken and overshadowed by more penetrating probes, but it will never be ignored. It has to be read, if only for the lively and acute summaries of particular aspects of the Churchill drama which it contains.

This is Mr. Morehead returning to his familiar role of sensitive journalist. It is an example of the compelling reportage which first brought him note as he emerged, very rapidly, in the earlier days of the Second World War as one of a trio of the finest British war correspondents of their generation. The other two, who made with him a party which was to set the pace for all the others in the Libyan desert, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Northwest Europe, are, unhappily, no longer here. Alexander Clifford, the shyest of the three, was struck down by a fatal illness just as he was emerging in the postwar scene as an oracle in international observation. Christopher Buckley fell victim to a Korean mine when, surprisingly for so scholarly an observer of the arts of war, he had launched a brand-new fictional boy detective who seemed certain eventually to place him alongside Agatha Christie, G. K. Chesterton, and such celebrities.

ALAN MOREHEAD has been spared to carry the literary flag of that triumvirate. He has done so with great success since those early, exciting days in wartime Italy when his vigorous and restless mind was already testing the climate by interpolating experimental chapters of fiction into otherwise factual works. He now demonstrates again that one of his basic talents is a capacity to assess in vivid style a passing situation or a permanent personality. He has produced an entertaining and enlightening Churchill primer. Even for a contemporary work it could be deeper, but in compensation it trips along with such easy fluency that we are hardly aware that we are with Churchill on his twenty-first birthday on page eight. It conveys admirably the adventurous and relentless aspects


"IT WAS THE NATION AND THE RACE DWELLING ALL 'ROUND THE GLOBE THAT HAD THE LION'S HEART. I HAD THE LUCK TO BE CALLED UPON TO GIVE THE ROAR."
—CHURCHILL

—*Collins in* The Montreal Gazette

"But What a Roar."

of the Churchill character. It stays strictly true to the purpose expressed in its title by closely analyzing such episodes as Gallipoli in the First World War (with Mr. Morehead obviously believing that Churchill has been blamed unfairly for his part in it) and coolly depicting the lean times of the Thirties when he was right and almost everybody else was wrong but the House of Commons still treated him as if he were the biggest bore in Christendom. Above all, it demonstrates that England, as is presumably her right, has used Winston Churchill to the limit whenever she needed him and discarded and even humiliated him whenever she felt she didn't. 'Twas ever so with her. One closes the book feeling that neither Mr. Morehead nor Winston Churchill resents it.

. . . but No Paragon

AND A MINORITY REPORT: It's far more fashionable nowadays to be in favor of sin than it is to be against Sir Winston Churchill. Yet Emrys Hughes, Welsh-born M.P. from Scotland, stands forth as a man thoroughly disenchanted with England's titan. In **"Winston Churchill, British Bulldog"** (Exposition-Banner Books, $5) he states his case with many quotes from the utterances of the Great Man, making particular point of Churchill statements which seem to praise Hitler, Franco, and Mussolini. But since Churchill himself has ruefully admitted how wrong he was in making some, and others are plucked from the context of speeches, the book doesn't add up to the awful indictment the author plainly hopes it will be. Says he: "Every political triumph of Winston Churchill has been a tragedy for the country, the world, or both." Which is how he feels, and since he says it all calmly and judiciously you have to admire him for saying it, anyway.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL (no relation).

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Minorities in Confusion

SAMUEL STOUFFER'S recent book, "Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties" [*SR* May 14], is a notable achievement. To any student of public opinion it, and the research out of which it grew, will come as an historic contribution. I have a deep sense of parental pride in this book because, as a trustee and chairman of the research committee of the Fund for the Republic, I initiated the study and had the good fortune to persuade Sam Stouffer to take over its direction.

From the standpoint of opinion-research the book will, I am convinced, have few successful critics, since it is one of the most workmanlike jobs of this era. It is in the field of interpretation that the trustees of the Fund for the Republic hope there will be much discussion. For it is in the field of interpretation that there lies the greatest room for honest differences of opinion.

For example, Professor Stouffer finds the community leaders to be more tolerant of dissident opinion than the rank-and-file of Americans —and he finds this true not just for the heads of such liberal organizations as the League of Women Voters but for a cross-section of leaders of the DAR and the American Legion, who are often blamed for the sometimes intolerant stands of a minority of their numbers. But the question might be asked: How far ahead of the public does a leader need to be in order to qualify as a leader? Some will want to argue that if our leaders are only a third more tolerant than the people they lead we are in a sorry state—in order to qualify, a leader should be at least *twice* as tolerant!

Here are some other illustrations in which interpretation of the results might be subject to considerable differences:

• • Sixty per cent of the people in the country—a majority—are willing to let an advocate of public ownership of business speak in their community. BUT . . . 31 per cent (roughly thirty million Americans) would not allow such an advocate to speak.

• • Ninety-three per cent would not fire a man whose loyalty has been questioned but who has sworn under oath that he is not a Communist from a job as a clerk in a store. BUT . . . 4 per cent (or roughly four million Americans) would fire this man.

• • Eighty-three per cent would not boycott a soap manufacturer's product if he employs a singer whose loyalty has been questioned but who swears under oath he is not a Communist. BUT . . . 9 per cent (or roughly nine million Americans) say they would stop buying the manufacturer's soap.

• • Seventy-eight per cent would not break off a friendship with a friend whom they suddenly found out had been a Communist ten years ago but whom they were sure isn't a Communist today. BUT . . . 14 per cent (fourteen million Americans) would break off the friendship.

• • Sixteen per cent of the public think anyone who is against religion must be a Communist.

• • Seventeen per cent think anyone who advocates public ownership of business must be a Communist.

• • Twenty-five per cent think foreigners are apt to be Communists.

• • Seven per cent think Jews are apt to be Communists.

• • Nine per cent think Negroes are apt to be Communists.

• • While only about twenty people in the 5,000 sample—far less than 1 per cent—volunteered "threats to civil liberties" as being among their major worries, only a bare half, or 52 per cent, thought that all people in this country feel as free to say what they think as they used to.

THERE is, I think, one fact on which most will agree. It is a shocking thing that to some twenty-eight million Americans the greatest danger of internal Communism is the fear that other American minds might be subverted to its tenets.

Twenty-two years of asking hundreds of thousands of people thousands of questions makes me feel secure in the knowledge that the number of people in America today who are ripe for subversion to the philosophy of the police state is so small that it does not constitute a major worry. The basic tenet of democracy—that of a free society founded firmly on a belief in the dignity of man—holds for most Americans so much advantage over the Communist theory that man exists only for the glory of the state that it is a shocking thing to find as many as twenty-eight million Americans who feel that the latter philosophy has a chance of winning out in fair and free competition. In some ways it looks as though those who are demanding the most conformity in Americanism have the least real faith in democracy. —E. R.

No School for Sadists

ON THIS page last week the editors called attention to the practice of the Air Force in submitting trainees to the kind of brutalization they might expect if captured by an unscrupulous enemy. While our issue was on press the Air Force announced the end of that policy. Hereafter trainees will receive *instruction* about brainwashing techniques, rather than direct personal experience. The editors congratulate the Air Force for its decision, made within a few days of the publication of the Stead Air Force story by *Newsweek*.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LEE ROGOW

LEE ROGOW'S tragic death in an Air Force plane crash has stunned all his friends.

Lee was my classmate in the Navy midshipman school at Columbia University, early in 1942. He was one of the most brilliant men in the school, and he graduated in the top 2 per cent of his class, although he gave much time to writing and editing the yearbook. I never understood how he did that. The rest of us had to study day and night to keep up with the brutal pressure; we never even read newspapers or magazines. Lee's retentiveness and quickness of mind were extraordinary.

He was my neighbor on Fire Island for several years. His sense of responsibility was proverbial. In any good community project he was a leading worker. When the hurricanes came he accepted the safety of the women and children in his vicinity as his personal obligation. Nobody asked him to do these things. He was that kind of man.

He was such a wonderful father to his two children that the rest of us used to kid him about it, saying that he was making things too tough on Fire Island for fathers. His greatest pleasure in life seemed to be playing with his children, educating them in play, thinking of new ways to make them happy.

He was exceptionally well-read and cultivated. It was his humor to talk in racy Broadway *argot* now and then; but it was insufficient protective coloring. Anyone who knew him at all knew that he was a sensitive, thoughtful intellectual, with a remarkably pleasant vein of wit and humor and a deep social conscience.

When a friend goes suddenly, tragically, like that, one's world reels; and all one can think of, in helpless pity and grief, is his family. It takes a rare man to be such a husband and such a father as Lee Rogow was. The snuffing out of his bright talent at thirty-six is a catastrophe for which there are no consoling words.

HERMAN WOUK.

New York, N. Y.

TELEVISED EDUCATION

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Beyond the Classroom" [*SR* Sept. 10] will be particularly helpful to those participating in the White House Conference meetings in New York State, because two questions were added to the six questions listed by Leonard Buder. Number eight was: What should the State of New York do further to develop the programs of continuing education—education beyond or outside the formal programs of the schools and colleges?

Our subcommittee members in this area of continuing education are giving emphasis to televised education. With the help of other state delegations (to whom copies of our statement can be sent) we hope to give some recognition at the White House Conference to "preparation for participation in the problems involved in the making of a better world."

MARK STARR.
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I see the Dodgers defeating the Yankees in the World Series—whatever that means."

TO FILL THE VACUUM

N.C.'s EDITORIAL hits the nail on the head when it states that filling the vacuum beyond the college classroom is the number-one job of American education. No matter how good, education must be considered a failure if it does not develop a continuing desire to read, study, and reflect after graduation and throughout the span of life.

LEONARD A. WENZ.

Denver, Colo.

HIGH STANDARDS

I MUST DISAGREE with William S. Carlson's contention ["Fraternities: Evil Force on the Campus," *SR* Sept. 10] that national organizations are a malign force in fraternity activities. I have been faculty adviser to Beta Phi Chapter of Phi Kappa Tau at Westminster College for several years and have discovered that the national organization has established standards in management, scholarship, and conduct that are exemplary. The big problems in fraternities are local. The national, in our case at least, has done a grand job.

GEORGE BLEASBY.

New Wilmington, Pa.

THE ALMA MATER

IT WAS UNFORGIVABLE of Mr. Carlson not to take more serious note of the progress that fraternities have made since World War II. His approach to college administration seems to be just as reactionary and undemocratic as anything of which he accuses the fraternities. He wants no student allegiance to anything except *alma mater*. He wants "to govern his students' activities" with unanswerable paternalistic authority. But what of a student's loyalty to campus religious groups, or to political or patriotic organizations, or to international concerns? And cannot constructive fraternities help to stretch the horizons of students beyond the isolated and overacademic campus?

ALAN GEYER.

New York, N. Y.

THE AGE OF CONFORMITY

IF FRATERNITIES should ever reach the unenviable position of losing their individuality to become mere appendages dominated and entirely controlled by their respective colleges it will be just one more evidence that the age of conformity and mediocrity has submerged the old America.

GEORGE H. GINADER.

Oxford, O.

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Twenty-two Tickets to Danger

CIVILIZED man appears to live as a parasite on the body of his civilization. Cut through the tissues of that body, the layers of steam heat, the insulated walls, the supermarket food, civil law and order; rip him away from his host and set him down in a wasteland, and it would seem that he must shrivel and die like a tapeworm in the sun. But, unlike a real parasite, when civilized man is suddenly put on his own he shows an astonishing ability to regain his apparently degenerated powers of independence. This fact has led to the writing of many fascinating books and even some of the world's best literature. Each season sees the publication of a spate of such volumes, but this year the list is even longer than usual. Below Thomas Cooney takes a look at twenty-two of these books, grouping them into categories for convenience, although he acknowledges that many defy classification. They are a good crop, all in all, and one in particular—Denis Johnston's "Nine Rivers to Cross" (see next page)—is an uncommonly fine book. They remind us man can still achieve the physical endurance of his ancestors, and even bring a certain intellectual force and moral grace to his trials in exploration, hunting, and war.

By THOMAS E. COONEY

Personal Exploits

BY FAR the best written of this season's volumes of personal exploits is Jim Corbett's continuation of his Indian hunting experiences, **"The Temple Tiger and More Man-Eaters of Kumaon"** (Oxford University Press, $3). Here Colonel Corbett tells of his most difficult hunt of all, the one for the Talla-Des Man-Eater. After a week's pursuit of the tigress, during which he suffered the pain of an ear abscess that blinded and deafened him on one side, he came upon the painfully wounded beast in a moonlit forest, wounded her again, and finally flushed and killed her the next morning at a distance of twenty feet. The Colonel is so skilful a storyteller that his accounts of these exploits never seem immodest; artfully he subordinates his own personality to bring us a warm, lifelike picture of the wild upland country where every howl or bark, every scent or rustle in the underbrush has a life-and-death meaning. He is marvelously observant, and as he unaffectedly tells what he saw, heard, felt, and smelled he produces vignettes that are worthy of Thoreau in his descriptive moments:

In an exactly similar vein another Anglo-Indian, Kenneth Anderson, has told in **"Nine Man-Eaters and One Rogue"** (Dutton, $3.75) his experiences in tracking down the marauders which periodically disturb the tranquility of Indian village life. Mr. Anderson's hunting ground was in the southern jungles rather than in the mountains, but his stalking methods, his respect for wild life, his personal courage, and his ability to tell a story simply and grippingly are as good as Colonel Corbett's. That is high praise indeed.

Not so personally modest and considerably more theatrical in their approach to adventure are the heroes of **"No Escape from Adventure,"** by Sir Michael Bruce (Hastings House, $4.50), and **"Commando Extraordinary,"** by Charles Foley (Putnam, $3.75). By the number of wounds that Sir Michael has collected in South Africa, Gallipoli, South America, and as a stunt-man on London movie sets, it almost seems that he is what insurance adjusters call "accident-prone," but his book makes exciting reading. "Commando Extraordinary" is the story of the German Colonel Otto Skorzeny, who after being drafted into the German Army in his native Austria discovered that he had a natural operations behind enemy lines. Mr. Foley's account of Skorzeny's capture of the Hungarian Regent Horthy from his Budapest palace, his delivery of Mussolini from a moutain-top Allied prison, and his organization of the American-uniformed Fifth Column in the Battle of the Bulge suggest unlimited possibilities of this kind of warfare.

Russel Braddon's **"New Wings for a Warrior"** (Rinehart, $3.50) is considerably more inspirational in its handling of the life of another World War II hero. RAF Group Captain Leonard Cheshire won the Victoria Cross the hard way: not for a single exploit, but for consistent heroism in a large number of bombing missions. Cheshire was for a long time leader of Squadron 617, "The Dam Busters" of current book and movie fame, but he is most interesting because of the religious turn his life took after he saw the atom bomb drop on Nagasaki. When he left the service after the war Cheshire embarked on a series of projects to bring life and hope to the sick and indigent of England, and he has lost a great deal of his own property and health in the process. This volume gives a moving account of Cheshire's postwar conversion to Roman Catholicism, and it does not neglect the excitement of his war exploits.

Captivity and Escape

IN THE last few years a particular branch of war adventure has caught the public fancy: the escape from prison camp and the evasion of the enemy in country that he either owns or occupies. Perhaps the most harrowing of these stories to appear recently are the tales in Clay Blair's **"Beyond Courage"** (McKay, $3.50), which deal with escapes of American airmen downed behind enemy lines in the Korean War. Because an Occidental face is unmistakable in Korea, and because Oriental languages are almost totally outside our experience, the tasks of these men like Lieutenant Thomas, who spent the better part of eighty-three days hidden in a cave, and Colonel Schinz, who subsisted for weeks on an abandoned island under the very noses of the enemy, were difficult almost beyond belief. Even the woodenness of Mr. Blair's reconstructed dialogue cannot dim his picture of the tremendous endurance of these men.

Charles McCormac, an RAF sergeant, found himself in almost exactly the same predicament when the Japanese overran Singapore in 1941, but he had the slight advantage of being able to pass as a Eurasian because he could speak Malay and knew the jungle. In his **"You'll Die in Singapore!"** (Dutton, $3.50) he tells his story. He was one of seventeen men who made a mass break from a Japanese prison camp. After five months and almost 2,000 miles on foot and by boat, constantly dodging Japanese soldiers and reward-hungry natives, only McCormac and one other escapee managed to make it to Australia.

Peter Churchill, who has already told of his experiences as a British saboteur in Vichy France in "Duel of

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Wits," continues his story in **"The Spirit in the Cage"** (Putnam, $3.75) from the point at which he was captured and handed over to the Germans. Although he did not escape until the last days of the war when the Germans were trying to decide whether to hold, release, or kill the group of important political prisoners in which he found himself, Churchill's story is full of danger and tension as he describes the German efforts to get him to confess the names and locations of his confederates; he makes the most of the sharp contrast between the luxurious surroundings of the Paris mansion where he was held and the bare terror that gripped the inmates, who were often politely and often brutally interrogated, and who could hear the periodic volleys as some of their confederates were executed in a nearby courtyard.

A somewhat lighter-hearted account of escape can be found in John Dunbar's **"Escape Through the Pyrenees"** (Norton, $2.95), in which the American airman tells how he evaded capture by the Germans when his bomber was shot down over France, and how he made his way alone and on foot into Spain, where he was eventually claimed by American authorities and taken to Gibraltar. Even more gay is **"Escaper's Progress"** (Norton, $3), in which David James, a British Naval officer, twice escaped from a prison camp near Danzig, the second time successfully, by posing as a Bulgarian Naval officer. James's account of the social life of the prisoners reminds one forcibly of the film "Grand Illusion."

One of the bravest and most incredible of these escape stories is that of Charley Coward, the British sergeant-major who is the hero of John Castle's **"The Password Is Courage"** (Norton, $3.50). Coward escaped from prison a number of times, but was always recaptured, so he decided to stay where he was and organize what resistance and espionage he could from inside prison. After the war he was cited by the British Association of Jewish Refugees for his help in saving Jews from the gas-chamber and in revealing the part that slave-labor played in German war production.

ADVENTURE BOOK OF THE SEASON: Denis Johnston is one of the few war correspondents who has had sense enough not to write about World War II until he felt he was ready to do his experience justice. His account of his years in North Africa, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Germany given in **"Nine Rivers from Jordan"** (Little, Brown. $5) is well worth waiting for.

In a wry, sardonic series of almost cinematic incidents Johnston tells of the seamier side of the Allied war effort: American troops pilfering the pockets of German and Italian prisoners, British rear-area funk in North Africa, the intransigeance of Polish guerilla fighters; he also tells, and this is what makes his book so much better than those of most war correspondents, of his own search for the meaning of war. It is to his credit that, while he does find justification for the Allied part of the war, he does not lose sight of the fact that war is an evil that smears off onto all its participants.

Diving

IT SOMETIMES seems as if skin-diving is almost exclusively a French pastime, which is fortunate, because Frenchmen write so well about the mystique of underwater experience. Philippe Diolé's **"The Gates of the Sea"** (Messner, $4.50) celebrates not so much physical danger and man's endurance as the profound intellectual and spiritual stimulation produced by reentry into the proto-element of life. That stimulation is intensified in the experiences he writes of in this account of a diving tour around Sicily, because he deals with underwater archeology and with the connections between life on and around the sea and the events of human history. More practical, but still full of the stimulus of diving and penetrating into the unknown, is the story of Commander Georges Houot and Pierre Willm in their **"2,000 Fathoms Down"** (Dutton, $4). Houot and Willm explain in great detail how they helped design and build the French Navy bathyscaphe in which they went deeper into the ocean than anyone has gone before. They write movingly of their feelings during the great dives.

If you are stimulated enough by reading books on skin-diving to want to try it yourself you will want to know that there is now a complete manual on the subject, which includes names and addresses of scores of American skin-diving clubs, and detailed accounts of how to acquire and

(*Continued on page* 40)

—*From "Blue Veils, Red Tents."*

—*From "High Adventure."*

Africa's children of the oases bathe at every opportunity, as did Everest's climbers when they reached the Arun River.

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Contesting the Clichés

"Still the Most Exciting Country," by William Attwood *(Alfred A. Knopf. 118 pp. $2.75), is the report of a young American foreign correspondent on a tour of his native land. Jonathan Daniels, editor of the* Raleigh *(N. C.)* News and Observer, *who reviews it below, years ago wrote "A Southerner Discovers the South."*

By Jonathan Daniels

IT would be reassuring if every American, whether he had spent the last nine years in Paris or Peoria, could make such a trip as this vividly reported journey round-America-in-ninety-days and come to such good conclusions. William Attwood's pace is a little dizzying. Those who do not agree with his finding may truly say that some of his inspections seem to have been made from an apparently jet-propelled foreign car. The remarkable thing about the book is that, considering its ninety-day, night-and-day intake of information, what Attwood reports best is not the kaleidoscope of a changing America but the essence of its spirit at this hour.

Obviously it was that spirit Attwood sought when he came home as an American who had been abroad nine years as a newspaper and magazine correspondent. And, as important as road maps, he had a complete set of the foreigner's cliches about America to guide him in his rediscovery of his own country. Maybe they seem to those of us who have stayed home obviously to add up only to an unfriendly caricature. They are as important to us as to those, like Attwood, who have had to meet them abroad. This book is the examination of and the answer to European impressions that Americans are scared, belligerent, and impetuous, hypocritical, degenerate, cocky, reactionary, materialistic, immature, and overbearing.

The very sweeping quality of the charges homecomer Attwood lists, of course, makes easier the acquittal which he pronounces. No people—not even we—could be quite that bad. The important thing is not that Attwood proves—what, of course, he believed when he began this tour: that this is a country of pretty good folks. More significant, he found—sometimes, I suspect, to his surprise—that many ordinary Americans who have never left their county seats, let alone live in Paris, are as good intellectual and convivial companions as a man might expect to find in a bistro on the Left Bank or a burgher's house in Zurich.

THERE is a good deal of the bistro view in Mr. Attwood's tour of America. I do not contest his finding that "a bartender is often a better authority" than politicians, civic leaders, experts. I have a certain feeling, however, that his adverse report on food in America may be related to his haste and his inevitable dependence for food supply on some places any American provincial who knew his province would have avoided like ptomaine. Certainly there could be no more collapsible cliche than that all the food found in Europe is good. I found some similar weakness in his distress at finding Americans often ignorant about world affairs after being among Europeans who have so many strange ideas about Americans.

Mr. Attwood writes as a man among men and not merely as a returning American among Americans. But, without hiding American faults, he has written a very heartening essay about the dignity and the decency of his countrymen of all kinds and all classes, wherever you find them. Out of his travels among such men he has written almost a platform for America on which Americans and other peoples too, could stand in confidence, courage, and high hope, too. It is, of course, a long way from the Ku Klux mind to the aspirations for the atomic age of young nuclear scientists at Los Alamos. But between them the Americans Attwood most often found are worthy of the respect of the world as well as his admiration—men neither intimidated by the McCarthys nor lost in the materialistic maze of the shining plumbing they are said to love so well.

The story of Attwood's ride around a country incontestably worthy of his pride needs reading by doubtful men abroad. It should have the widest reading here, too, by Americans who sometimes seem readiest to believe in their own faults. Essentially this brief book is written for them—in the vernacular, full of colloquial expression and blurted native opinion and idea. There are few solemn views from the mountaintop in it. It contains little patriotic rhetoric. To sum up, it is a good guy's portrait of his native land. I enjoyed the book. I only wish I could have been in the back seat on the trip.

The Native Returns

• I have found heart-warming friendliness in unexpected places—and in every country I have visited. But nowhere does it seem as universal and spontaneous as in America.

• Years ago, Americans acquired a worldwide reputation for being hustlers, go-getters, always in a hurry. The reputation is well deserved. By and large, they are still in a hurry, still sprinting through life as though a minute wasted were a dollar lost.

• I am inclined to think that Americans are still encumbered with the burdens of their Puritan heritage. We may not like hypocrisy, but we often seem to prefer living with it to updating our definition of sin. The classic definition of the New England conscience is still valid: it doesn't prevent us from doing anything—it just prevents us from enjoying it.

• Everybody is on the move. . . . Regionalism is disappearing. Americans are getting to be more like one another. . . . Television is stupendous, ubiquitous—"the most."

• In my day a married student was a campus freak. Even the engaged senior was something of an oddity. The girls we went around with usually ended up by marrying the guys who had graduated a few years before and were making enough money to think about supporting a family. Today . . . the students holding hands under the Gothic arch are more likely to be discussing next year's mortgage than next Saturday's prom.

• People always listened politely and attentively to anything we had to say about the outside world, but it was seldom very long before the talk shifted back to familiar things, like the cost of living or their favorite TV comedian. They were far more interested in what we had to say about our American trip than in what we could have told them about our experiences in Europe and Asia. This lack of knowledge—and even of curiosity—concerning the world around us is not confined to the small towns.

—From "Still the Most Exciting Country," by William Attwood (Knopf).

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John T. Flynn—"gifts for vituperation."

Dark Alliance

"The Decline of the American Republic," by John T. Flynn *(Devin-Adair. 212 pp. $3), is an alarmed look at what has been happening to this country since the start of the New Deal by a veteran journalist. Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University reviews it below.*

By Lindsay Rogers

FOR the past fifteen years, since "Country Squire in the White House," journalist John T. Flynn has been taking apprehensive looks at the way the world, and especially the United States, was going. The looks he takes in his newest book, "The Decline of the American Republic," will surprise no one who has been following his intellectual career, but the subject is an important one and on it much has been and remains to be said. Let me put it this way: If Pericles (an exponent of public works) had returned to earth in the time, say, of Jefferson he would have been astonished by the political changes that had taken place since he made a great speech which is still read; but the astonishment of William McKinley would be greater were he now able to examine the kind of government that is being administered by an ex-general whose corps commanders are in large part businessmen on leave. The transformations of six decades are just as surprising as the transformations of twenty-two centuries and they do not warrant complacency, for the bigger a government gets the greater the difficulties of making it efficient and of keeping it from being an instrument of oppression. In 1932, Mr. Flynn tells us, the total national debt was less than twenty billion dollars; now the annual interest on the debt is six billion dollars—figures that mean little unless related to the national income. But twenty-five years ago 4 per cent of the national income was devoted to public expenditure; now it is 25 per cent.

THIRTY years ago James M. Beck lamented the vanishing rights of the states and, likening the Constitution *inter alia* to a lighthouse, a sheet anchor, and a floating dock—presumably bobbing up and down—was sure that in any case it was almost done for. Mr. Flynn's alarms are more recent; for him the decline of the Republic began under the New Deal.

Now if William McKinley had been with us again he might have argued that during the Great Depression men should have been allowed to starve, even though, as Keynes once remarked, men refuse to starve quietly. It is legitimate to criticize New Deal measures on their merits and demerits, and, merit apart, on the ground that some of them cancelled each other out. One can argue the danger or the wisdom of Federal control over the wages of elevator operators in office buildings; wish that there had never been any farm subsidies and desire their abolition; and oppose, for reasons one makes specific, every governmental invasion of an area that has been a private preserve. One can attempt to demonstrate that a Welfare State is robbing Peter so heavily to pay Paul that soon Pauls must be robbed to pay other Pauls.

Not so Mr. Flynn, who is content with exercising his gifts for general vituperation. "The first stage in bringing Socialism to America was carried through by the Socialist revolutionaries on the packed Supreme Court." The timetable is wrong. As in Mr. Dooley's day, the Supreme Court followed election returns, but belatedly. At three reelections the voters expressed their confidence in President Roosevelt and in 1948 they wanted Harry Truman to stay in office; and it is irrelevant that to some extent on each occasion they may have been voting lack of confidence in opposing candidates and in the Republican Party. In 1952 because of the electorate's faith in the candidate, who was to the left of his lately chosen party, the Republicans took control in Washington, but with no mandate to repeal much that had been passed and repassed by bi-partisan Congressional majorities before the Supreme Court joined in the "conspiracy" to let the popular and Congressional and Presidential wills prevail. It is only rhetoric and not good rhetoric at that, to say that "the great Republic of our fathers" has been "shockingly damaged by a dark alliance of Communists, Socialists, Boondogglers, Globalists, and certain shortsighted business leaders who, for a brief moment, float on the surface of the war boom." Presumably the Pentagon is in this "dark alliance" because it wants to continue running saloons, roasting coffee, manufacturing paint, and making its own ice cream, instead of handing these activities over to private business.

And what does Mr. Flynn tell us should be done to keep the Republic from falling? Income taxes are the root of all our evils, so repeal the Sixteenth Amendment! What taxes the Government would use to pay for the minimal functions of revenue, police, justice, and arms Mr. Flynn does not say. He would have a Constitutional amendment declaring that post-1937 decisions of the Supreme Court shall "have no force and effect as precedents in judicial or other proceedings in determining the meaning of the words, sections, and provisions of the Constitution of the United States." He should have asked counsel for "economic royalists" what they thought of this one. Without giving his reasons, Mr. Flynn wants to repudiate the United Nations and if other countries continue the organization he would compel its "removal" from this hemisphere. His final proposal "essential to the safety of the American Republic" is the adoption of the Bricker Amendment.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 640

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 640 will be found in the next issue.

GNABCP NA HDCGNDL

GEFM MC BC DRSM;

ONTMXR NA BCNDL NM.

BFONB AMFTT KCTBFD.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 639
My wife has a whim of iron.
—OLIVER HERFORD.

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New Light on a Dark Continent

(*Continued from page 19*)

and/or guidebook to such interesting North African places as Morocco, Tangier, Egypt, Tunisia, and the Sahara, all done individually by experts on their particular regions and encompassing both ancient and modern times.

BELOW THE SAHARA *Africa is Africa; above the Sahara Africa is Europe. Political frontiers have little natural reality. They were made in the old days mostly by latitude and longitude mostly by Europeans because the interior was almost totally unexplored.*

THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA. *By Laurens van der Post. William Morrow & Co.* $3. This one explains the whole African situation in psychiatric terms for those who want to get into that phase of the African black man's problems with the white man.

DEVILMAN'S JUNGLE. *By Gustaf Bolinder. Roy Publishers.* $4. A report by a Swedish anthropologist, which has been both praised and damned by reviewers, on tribal magic, human sacrifices, and cannibalism among the African peoples.

HEART OF AFRICA. *By Alexander Campbell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5. A rather shallow, anecdotal study of the African peoples by the head of the *Time-Life* bureau at Johannesburg.

STRUGGLE FOR AFRICA. *By Vernon Bartlett. Frederick A. Praeger.* $3.95. A lively and good-humored account of the fast-changing scenes and people of the continent, with particular reference to black-white race relations.

THEY WAIT IN DARKNESS. *By George W. Shepherd, Jr.* The John Day Co. $4. The personal memoirs of a young American doctor who spent some time in Africa trying to help the natives, who had the usual experiences in doing so, and who had the unusual experience of meeting the famous Mau-Mau rebel Jomo Kenyatta.

SOUTH AFRICA: *South Africans are not Nazis, but the Strijdom Government is grounded in part at least on three of the most unpleasant of human characteristics—fear, bigotry, and intolerance. It is based without qualification on the principle of unmitigated white supremacy* (i.e., *suppression of four-fifths of the people of the country*) *and it is in some respects the ugliest government I have ever encountered in the free world.*

CHOICE BEFORE SOUTH AFRICA. *By Emil S. Sachs. Philosophical Library.* $5.75. A good deal of vituperation against most of the major political parties in S.A. by a colorful left-wing union leader.

COLOR AND CULTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA. *By Sheila Patterson. Grove Press.* $6. The best and most thorough study of the problems of the people in South Africa who are known as the "Cape Colored" people.

PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA. *By Sarah G. Millin. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50. A whole history of the country from the time of its discovery by the Portuguese, but unhappily a history which has become surprisingly outdated.

RACIAL SEPARATION IN SOUTH AFRICA. *By Eugene P. Dvorin. University of Chicago Press.* $4.50. A calm and unbiased analysis of *Apartheid,* the logic of its development, its sanction by the Dutch Reformed Church, and its effects on the non-European groups involved. Lacking in solutions to the problem, however.

SOUTH AFRICA. *By Jan H. Hofmeyr. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.75. An old standby of a reference book, being now completely brought up to date and with four new chapters on the political and economic developments between 1930 and 1952.

SOUTHERN AFRICA. *By John H. Wellington. Cambridge University Press. Volumes I and II.* $6.50 each. A scholarly study of the geography, the agriculture, and the industry of the southern regions of the continent, including the Union of South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA IN A CHANGING WORLD. *By Edgar H. Brookes. Oxford University Press.* $3. A representative of South Africa's white races has collected some lectures he once made into a book which attempts to explain the whys and wherefores of the politics of his country.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Translated by Paddy O'Hanlon. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $6.50. A copiously illustrated guidebook to both South and Central Afrıca. The book is also something of a cultural history.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAY OF LIFE. *Edited by George H. Calpin. Columbia University Press.* $3.50. A collection of frank and forthright writings from the Afrikaans-speaking section, the English-speaking section, the Bantu peoples, the South African Jewish community, the colored community, and the Indian community.

THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA. *By Leo Marquard. Roy Publishers.* $4. The history of the region, all comprehensively assembled (from Bushmen and Hottentots to the present day) for the general reader.

THROUGH MALAN'S AFRICA. *By Robert St. John. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95. A bitter report by a journalist on his 1953 journey through South Africa.

EAST AFRICA: *There are 220 different tribes in British East Africa as a whole . . . tribes like the Kikuyu, which are veritable nations, and like the Wagogo, who still have "have their tails up in trees" . . . tribes businesslike and sophisticated, like the Chagga, and tribes next door which have not yet reached the dawn of social consciousness.*

TALES OF THE AFRICAN FRONTIER. *By John A. Hunter and Daniel P. Mannix. Harper & Bros.* $4. A badly written but fascinating collection of the biographies of such East African notables as the slaver "Tippu Tib" and others.

WEST AFRICA: *Here we are in Black Africa—Negro Africa . . . The coastal strips are almost purely Negro, particularly in Nigeria. But profound admixtures have occurred in some areas between the Negroes and lighter-skinned Bantus to the east. Europeans who opened up the West Coast were mostly of the "gin and slavery" school, ruffians and adventurers . . . Hence Africans on the West Coast today, if they look into history, are likely to be resentful of white influences.*

AFRICAN-AMERICAN COOPERATION. *By Godwin U. Meniru. Libertarian Press.* $3.50. An interesting and well-written survey of the natural resources and industrial potentialities of Nigeria, by the son of a prominent Nigerian textile manufacturer.

AFRICAN GLORY. *By J. C. deGraft-Johnson. Frederick A. Praeger.* $4.50. Dr. deGraft-Johnson shatters the illusion that Africa is a continent of savages which has only recently been civilized by the white man, and he offers some interesting studies of the Mali and Songhai civilizations of Western Africa to prove that the continent has not lacked its own civilizations.

RETURN TO LAUGHTER. *By Elenore S. Bowen. Harper & Bros.* 3.50. A highly personal account of a lady anthropologist's relations with a tribe of West Africans, all done with high good humor and including many native customs. May become something of a classic in its field.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

English Butterflies from Commonwealth Cocoons

THE REPORT on the first full week of the Sadler's Wells Ballet fourth visit to America (so far the Metropolitan Opera House in New York) must deal more with whom rather than what, which is hardly expectable in a company topped by such familiar names as Fonteyn, Grey, Somes, *et al.* However, to say that it was comparable in brilliance to anything shown here in the past by the company is only to state half the case. It is apparent, after six years, that what began as a hopeful aspiration under the far-sighted direction of Ninette de Valois has become not merely an accomplished fact, but a self-perpetuating institution.

Look back to the personnel of the first brilliant group to visit us in 1949, and mark the inevitable passing of such favorites as Robert Helpmann and Moira Shearer, June Brae and Harold Turner. All the more remarkable, then, that Sadler's Wells has been able to solve the problem of replacement in quantity without retrenchment in quality. Of the original thirty principals nineteen are still active. However, the total now is thirty-eight, meaning that a full 50 per cent of those dancing leading roles is new.

With the exception of Svetlana Beriosova, all have come either from the original corps (Rowena Jackson, Valerie Taylor, Philip Chatfield, and Bryan Ashbridge), from a succeeding corps (Mary Drage, Anya Linden, Brenda Taylor, Peter Clegg, Desmond Doyle, Ronald Hynd, etc.), or from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (Elaine Fifield, Maryon Lane, David Blair, Pirmin Trecu, etc.). Of the present corps of thirty-five twenty-nine were not listed in the last company to visit us, and only an indispensable "lead-dog" or two remains from the 1949 ensemble. The Antipodes, South Africa, and Canada are represented in this development, channeled through the Sadler's Wells School.

As well as providing the top echelon of dancers with new body, bones, and blood, that first corps to visit us included John Cranko, who has developed into one of Britain's most able choreographers. His "Lady and the Fool," the season's first novelty, is a likable rather than a striking ballet; but it marks a step forward in a career which has already given us "Pineapple Poll," "Harlequin in April," and "The Shadow." Like the best of those, it shows a lingering trace of the influence of Leonide Massine in characterization and humor. This can only be a source of cheer, for Massine had a strain of invention which has not been replaced in recent years.

"The Lady and the Fool" is perhaps too long to be called a pleasant trifle, but that is, essentially, what it amounts to. A Lady (elegantly impersonated by Beryl Grey) *en route* to a ball encounters a couple of clowns. Attracted to the taller of the pair (Philip Chatfield) she invites them along, and after rebuffing one rich suitor after another she reveals herself, inside as well as out, to the clown. In a Massine-esque, Chaplin-esque ending, the shorter clown (Ray Powell) is allowed to come along as miniature best man.

Cranko has not told this anecdote with all directness, but he has contrived some excellent action, especially that for the long-limbed, light-footed Grey. He has also managed to sustain his thread of pathos through a bustling ballroom sequence, thanks in large part to the wistful figure conveyed by Chatfield. The score compounded by Charles Mackerras from lesser works of Verdi is more hindrance than help, since it has a resolute personality of its own which defies assimilation. Richard Beer's design was both spacious and gay.

Of the three Frederick Ashton ballets seen during the week I confess no shame in preferring his classic treatment of "Daphnis et Chloe" to the new items: "Scene de Ballet," based on a score written by Igor Stravinsky for Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts," and "Tiresias," with the last composition of any sort by the late Constant Lambert. The fact that Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" music is far and away the greatest of these scores may have some influence on this judgment, but in compactness, vitality, and sure choreographic invention it has a high permanence.

To take the others in order: "Scene de Ballet" is an adventure in abstraction, on the Balanchine side of Theatre Street. Competent enough and with lively solo parts for Nadia Nerina and Brian Shaw, it doesn't strike me as more than a "useful" curtain-raiser. As for "Tiresias," it impressed as a rather ineffective example of Greek symbolism, involving a difficult theatrical transformation (Michael Somes and Violetta Elvin) of Tiresias male into Tiresia female and back again. There are suggestions of an individual idiom in Lambert's score, but also too much reminiscence of Stravinsky's "Sacre" and Borodin's "Prince Igor" dances to create an atmosphere of its own. Isabel Lambert's designs for "Tiresias" were greatly admired in some quarters.

THE first fact about the interpretations of this repertory, plus the recurrent performances of "Sleeping Beauty," would have to be the more-than-ever remarkable dancing of Miss Fonteyn as Aurora and Chloe. There didn't seem much room for improvement when she was last being seen here, and the alterations, to be sure, are subtle ones. But as well as looking all technical difficulties coldly in the eye now, and dismissing them with regal assurance, Miss Fonteyn seems more than ever to be listening to the music with her body. That is to say, in those moments of Tchaikovsky and Ravel where "steps" are put aside and a pure response to sound is invited she takes the phrase and forms it, visually, as a fine instrumentalist might audibly.

With such an admirable model so constantly in view, it is hardly surprising, though none the less gratifying, that others are developing in her image. Nadia Nerina's Aurora (I have not yet seen the Beriosova version) is quite different, in lightness and sparkle, from Fonteyn's, yet one senses something of the same aspiration to ultimate values. Rowena Jackson's Bluebird is increasingly excellent, as is Miss Beriosova's Lilac Fairy. Miss Grey remains the queen of all she surveys in this part, but the blonde Svetlana is a rarely qualified alternate. Credit Michael Somes, still, with the kind of partner-artistry suggested by his name, not to forget the venomous virtuosity of Ashton's Carabosse in "Sleeping Beauty."

As suggested by the turnover figure cited above, the current corps is refreshingly young, engagingly uniform in training. But the cost of this is a somewhat ragged ensemble, as though not all the elbows and knees had learned to do, automatically, what they should. Musically the performances were not as resilient under Robert Irving as they once were under Constant Lambert. Also the current assemblage of players must give our British visitors a dubious opinion of American competence. Anatole Fistoulari, who has made a reputation on records since he appeared here in the late 1930s with a Basil company, reappeared as director of a well-paced, dynamically vigorous "Sleeping Beauty." —IRVING KOLODIN.

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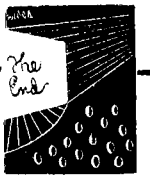


The Permutations of Sister

The Saturday Review regrets to announce that this review is Lee Rogow's final contribution to this magazine. On September 13 Mr. Rogow was killed in a plane which crashed while taking off from Mitchel Air Force Base, Long Island. Mr. Rogow was a hardworking and sensitive man of thirty-six, liked and admired by everyone who worked with him. In addition to being a partner in an advertising agency, and his book and movie reviewing for *SR*, he wrote fiction and articles for other magazines and helped with the musical comedies "Mad Money" and "Two's Company." He is survived by a wife and two children.

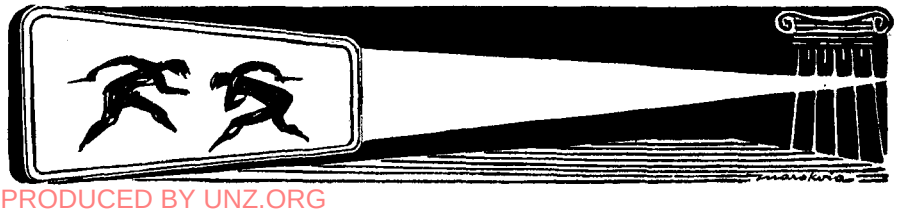
IT IS remarkable that "My Sister Eileen" has been so long-lived and lively a property. The original Ruth McKenney stories in *The New Yorker* have made a Broadway play, a movie, a Broadway musical-comedy ("Wonderful Town"), and now they have furnished the libretto for a charming musical movie for Columbia Pictures. Yet any casual examination of this serviceable work fails to reveal the sturdy pillars and solid dramatic geometry that must be present even in a comedy classic.

Two little girls from Columbus, Ohio, come to the big city to make their fortune. They occupy in Greenwich Village a cellar flat chiefly distinguishable for its built-in running gags, which include a history of tenancy by less virtuous young ladies, a greedy but colorful landlord, a doorknob that falls off when the door is closed, a series of well-timed explosions from the subway building nearby, and a pretty neighbor living in unsanctified domesticity with a football player who does the laundry when out of season.

The drama which unfolds between the explosions is, as someone once remarked in another context, rather less than meets the eye. Eileen, the pretty sister, gets all the fellows. Ruth, the writing sister, does not. It says here that the reason for Ruth's romantic troubles is the fact that she is an intellectual mouse, but since they always cast in this role some esculent charmer, in this case the enchanting Betty Garrett, this is obviously no more than a convenient fiction. There is, in fact, almost no drama in this durable little masterwork. There is nothing but gaiety and invention, and an idea of Greenwich Village which exists nowhere but in the heart. For approximately the fifth time this combination proves to be a sprightly way to fill a couple of hours.

The major virtues of Columbia's new mounting of "Eileen" are the cheerfully melodic score by Jule Styne and Leo Robin, dance numbers by Bob Fosse which are in the simple, impish, underproduced tradition of the in-between numbers of the early Astaire-Rodgers films, a devastatingly humorous performance by the now-masterful Jack Lemmon as the suave editor of *Manhatter* magazine, the offbeat but sparkling casting of dancers Bob Fosse and Tommy Rall as the two young men in Eileen's life, and Miss Betty Garrett. This young lady, who has been kept off our screens for some time for reasons that have nothing to do with her talent, has apple cheeks and big blue eyes, and she can sing and dance and deliver funny lines and do everything, in fact, but persuade me that she is really typing stories for a smart magazine on that typewriter.

Another word about Jack Lemmon. Through some chance his past three or four pictures have required this busy actor to portray a seducer, and he has become a virtuoso of the man-and-woman-alone-in-the-bachelor-apartment-scene. In this one the suave editor sings to the girl whose story he proposes to buy, "It's Bigger Than You and Me." As she escapes into the elevator the young lady delivers my favorite line in the picture: "Thanks for the floor show, but your prices here are ridiculous." —LEE ROGOW.



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TV AND RADIO

No Soap on "Skin"

A FEW weeks ago when the National Broadcasting Company courageously, and quite correctly I thought, presented "The Skin of Our Teeth" over its television network there was a contest among second guessers the following morning.

"I stayed with it five minutes," said one. "I was watching the Sullivan show in two minutes, ten seconds," said another. The winner turned out to be a Madison Avenue gent who had tuned it out when the title had been established on his screen. Mistook the whole operation for a Colgate toothpaste commercial.

The effort on the part of NBC to introduce from time to time something above the level of the run-of-the-mill entertainment which plays the TV circuits day in and day out is of course most commendable. Perhaps "The Skin of Our Teeth" was a little startling a change for the ordinary television fan. Even during its Broadway run the play was seen by only two kinds of people—those who hated it and those who loved it. I never heard anyone say it was pretty good or pretty bad. It was either great, or what was it?

So it was no big surprise to find home viewers wondering what Thornton Wilder was talking about. Things returned to normal Sunday-evening stuff the following week when you could read in the *Times* program selections for that night things like: "7-7:30—Lassie is attacked by an unusually vicious bull-terrier and Gramps suspects illegal pit-bull fights are being staged near the farm." Or at 9-9:30: "Play—The blond dog of a movie star is killed and a man is held as a murder suspect. With Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace." Or later on at 10-10:30: "Loretta Young Show—My Uncles O'More, story of a teacher's romance abetted by two pupils."

Since this is typical of some of the highspots of ordinary Sunday-night entertainment perhaps two hours of "The Skin of Our Teeth" was not a wise choice, although personally I was one of the viewers who helped swell the rating the show received in the reports the next day. I loved it. I don't know who the other viewer was but I'd like to get together with him some day and compare notes on what we read into the meaning of the play.

But the point I'm trying to make is that home viewers should gradually be conditioned to having to think about the plays they see on television if NBC is going to continue to try more of these, which I hope they will. I've always held the opinion that years ago, in the early days of radio, mass audiences might have been conditioned to, let us say, Shakespeare. if, instead of "Portia Faces Life" fifteen minutes across the board, some sponsor had had the same courage NBC now displays by presenting "Macbeth" fifteen minutes Monday through Friday morning. Portia never faced a fraction of the life Lady Macbeth faced. Instead of "Ma Perkins" and "Hilltop House" and "Just Plain Bill" and "Stella Dallas" and "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons" and "Road to Happiness" the radio schedule would have given housewives "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," "The Winter's Tale," "King Richard II," or "Midsummer Night's Dream." And how about "Troilus and Cressida"? (Can't you just hear the announcer: "Meanwhile, back at the palace, etc.?")

AT ANY rate, by now the mass audience of radio, transplanted to television, would have had some smattering of Shakespeare. And the transition from Shakespeare to "The Skin of Our Teeth" would not have been as wide a leap as it is from "Lassie is attacked by an unusually vicious bull-terrier and Gramps suspects illegal pit-bull fights are being staged near the farm" to "The Skin of Our Teeth."

However, the broadcasting business being what it is—a marketplace to hawk soaps and cigarettes and detergents and lipsticks and facial creams—I've always had the feeling that sponsors wouldn't want their audiences to start thinking. Some of them might one day begin thinking there isn't that much difference between one cigarette and another or one soap and another. And if they stayed tuned to a show like "The Skin of Our Teeth" they might sit around for an hour or two after the performance discussing the meaning of the play and its merits, and forget all about running down to the drugstore NOW and buying the large economy size. —GOODMAN ACE.

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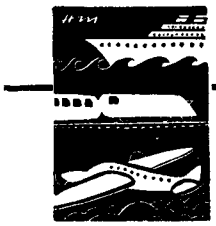

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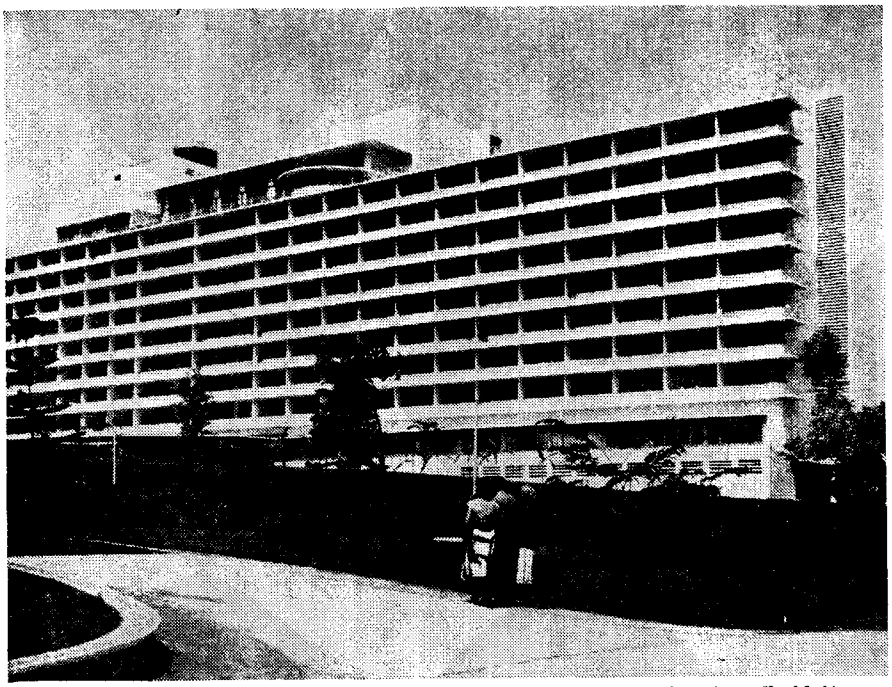

—*Pan American World Airways.*

Panama: During the worst months of our winter it offers a pleasant, eighty-degree temperature and a new hotel, the El Panama, to enjoy it in.

THE OTHER WEEK, while winging down to sample the winter in South America, we descended at the Isthmus of Panama to rest man and plane, a pause during which I collected a few gems of Panamanian intelligence which I hasten to pass along to you.

First of all, it is fifty-one miles from Pacific to Atlantic as the car flies along the Boyd-Roosevelt Highway. The American Zone is a strip five miles wide on each side of the Canal and is leased from the Republic of Panama. There were no border markers where we crossed unless you count an unguarded stretch of railroad tracks. The U.S. city of Balboa is separated from the Panamanian city of Panama City by the Fourth-of-July Road. The roadway is in Balboa and the sidewalk is in Panama City, an arrangement that proved downright handy during Prohibition.

Visitors are permitted within a few feet of the Canal's edge, but a guard reserves the right to subject ladies' handbags to an interested peek. "You would be surprised what we find," said a guard who has obviously had more luck than the average searcher looking for something, even if lethal, in a lady's handbag.

When ships appear in the harbor the Canal authority puts aboard its own rope-handlers and pilots. Small land-based engines called electric mules pull the ships through the locks, of which there are three sets. But ships sail along the Canals on their own power. Gatun Lake, for example, which is forty miles wide, is eighty-five feet above both oceans. Every time a ship uses the locks to adjust its height level to the ensuing body of water 25,000,000 gallons of water from the lake and the dam are dumped back into the ocean and must be returned with pumps. The ships pay an average of ninety cents a ton loaded and seventy-five cents a ton unloaded for the privilege of avoiding sailing around Cape Horn. Slipping through Central America takes about eight hours.

As for American administration of its territory within a Republic, there are still memorials to our unfortunate early colonial efforts, particularly dual water fountains, one white and one brown, where members of the respective races of the nearby Republic could drink according to their respective hues. There was also a white commissary called the "gold" commissary, and a separate "silver" one for Negroes. Nowadays there is one commissary for U.S. civilian employes and a separate one for Panamanian employes of the U.S. Government. Anybody can drink at either fountain.

It is relatively dry in Panama from January to April, but the rainy season stretches over the remaining eight months. The rainfall averages ninety-eight inches on the Pacific side and 110 on the Atlantic side, where it frequently begins pouring one month in advance of the other coast. It rarely rains at night, but to avoid damp cellars during the day many houses are built on stilts, an arrangement which also provides a convenient place for the youngsters to frolic during the afternoon showers. Keeping a juvenile in the house for eight months at a stretch could prove a trial.

DURING the worst months of our winter Panama offers a pleasant eighty-degree temperature and a magnificent new hotel, the El Panama, to enjoy it in. The hotel was designed as a great big breezeway with the zephyrs whistling in from the sea, crossing through the louvers that are built into the walls and the windows, and coursing out the other side. For anyone who prefers mechanical weather air-conditioned rooms can be leased.

The hotel crowns a green hill with fifteen acres of rich gardens growing at its feet. Amid the verdure are a swimming pool and tennis court. Piano music trickles through the modern bar at night and the glass-enclosed penthouse is a handsome ballroom for elegant dining and dancing. From its waxed floor a stairway leads to a new rooftop casino which is designed for visitors' enjoyment and is indeed only open to those local residents who can show a declared income of $12,000 a year or better.

With a fine Latin band thumping the mambas, sambas, meringues, and the cha-cha-chas, the hotel's night life is the most refined in Panama. Downtown, where the small white way flashes out the electric word to "Beba Orange Crush"—pronounced *oran kroos*—the nightclubs are staffed with B-girls and the air is filled with the enchanting perfume of disinfectant. It's the kind of airy intoxicant that makes you wonder what happened here before you arrived. The Club Nocturno Happy Land—where, with what I trust was utter coincidence, a B-girl threw a roaring screaming fit five minutes after I arrived—has a backroom with the neon label *aire acondicionado*. Here in cooled atmosphere, in a room separated by drawn draperies, caressed by the romantic strings of a trio, intoxicated by the

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antiseptic odor of CN, the tropical night was surely made for love.

For those who would like to get out of Panama City a reformed bushman known as Jungle Jim keeps house in the underbrush of the El Panama hotel where he arranges excursions into the Panamanian hinterlands in search of giant marlin, 200-pound jaguars, and strange Cuna Indians. The Cunas inhabit the San Blas islands, a territory which their squaws may not leave for fear they will dally with strangers and corrupt the race. Male visitors may not spend an evening among the Cunas unless they agree to confine themselves to the remote reaches of one protected atoll. The Cunas speak their own language, in which a nickel is *mani guen*, two bits is mani atale, and one buck comes to *sueet tonbo*.

Anyone with 100 *sueet tonbos* and a new mate, not a Cuna, can whisk off to a honeymoon on the Pearl Islands fifty miles off the Pacific Panama coast. Jungle Jim provides a forty-foot luxury cruiser which comes equipped with double bed, fishing tackle, an outboard canoe, and a skipper named Dawkins guaranteed to be the soul of tact and also descended from a genuine pirate. Dawkins steers the cruiser, cooks the meals, and on request will stay to spin pirate yarns or disappear in the canoe. Two days minimum, $100 a day for two people.

As for things local to Panama, I should mention *camerones*, which are shrimp roughly the size of a horseshoe, and another cocktail tidbit, fried yucca. On the slightest provocation Panamanians like to dress up in native costume, El Montuno for men and La Pollera for ladies. La Pollera, I can tell you, sports a daring neckline and is otherwise a busily embroidered dress worn over what seems to be three dozen petticoats. I have less admiration for the men's dress, which is a white embroidered blouse roughly the length of a zoot-suit jacket worn over white trousers roughly the length of Bermuda shorts. For a hat the gents affect a tricked-up straw, usually with the brim turned up in front as if one were heading into a heavy gale.

In this loose-fitting garb Panamanians perform a courtly dance called El Tamborito, which originated with slaves brought to Panama by the Conquistadores. Nowadays, the craze is the cha-cha-cha, which is not courtly at all and indeed requires one to lift one's feet from the floor like a cat on a h. t. roof.

Before whistling down to Lima I did poke around the ruins of Old Panama, a city dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when its pop-

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By THURMAN PRICE

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ulation was about 5,000. Here gold, diamonds, and other precious stones carted up from the treasure lands of South America were sailed up the Pacific, then transhipped across the jungle trail to Fort Lorenzo, where Spanish ships waited to sail for the kingdom in Iberia. On January 29, 1674, the buccaneer known as Henry Morgan landed on the Atlantic side, crossed the Isthmus, and burned Old Panama. New Panama was begun two years later.

Today, nearly 300 years later, there are the great banyan trees, the view across the beach to Taboga Island, and the blue quits that flit through the gray limestone ruins. Vines run down the walls, and way up on the steeple of the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Ascension a tree seeded by some errant bird grows on the limestone like a green standard flying over the dead city of the Conquistadores.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALE

AN ESTHETE IN PORTUGAL: Functionalists whose *beau ideal* of architectural form is a cigar box will get no comfort from Sacheverell Sitwell's **"Portugal and Madeira"** (British Book Centre, $4), for the book flaunts as its frontispiece an excellent color reproduction of a painting by Tristram Hillier of the Chapel of Misericordia in Viseau. And that's Portugal, rich in manifestations of an art style which academicians snubbed—a style named from the Portuguese word for irregular pearls, *barocco*. Thanks to Mr. Sitwell's bagging it and uplifting it to the literate, what had been so long out of fashion is now very much in fashion. In reporting his impressions of Lisbon, Mr. Sitwell seems at times confused as to which of his five visits to Portugal he is recalling; for example, the removal of the rolling-motion mosaic paving of the Rossio, from which that busy square derived its name, was not done "recently" but more than a quarter of a century ago. Fortunately, however, such blind spots are minuscule in comparison with Mr. Sitwell's esthetic perceptiveness and his fastidious enthusiasms. His most exultant finds are the ornate "golden wonders" of church interiors in Beja, Oporto, Aveiro, and Braga; his discoveries of baroque town houses and country seats, of fantastic formal gardens, of fishing craft of curious shapes, and of the magnificent library of the University of Coimbra. This volume, very invitingly gotten up, boasts nearly seventy well-reproduced photographs, too, in addition to the frontispiece. —LAWTON MACKALL.

The New Books

Continued from page 17

A LITTLE REBELLION. *By Marion L. Starkey. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.
The story of Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts, which did much to bring about the adoption of the Federal Constitution. (Cady.)

MY PHILADELPHIA FATHER. *By Cordelia Drexel Biddle as told to Kyle Crichton. Doubleday* $4.
A daughter's memories of an old Philadelphia cut-up named Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, whose exploits included boxing his way up and down the social ladder, unboxing his pet alligators in his stateroom, and sundry other undaunted adventures. (Herzberg.)

NEFERTITI LIVED HERE. *By Mary Chubb. Thomas Y. Crowell.* $3.50.
The expeditionary memoirs of a lady archeologist who, fascinated by the fact that the world-famous head of Queen Nefertiti had been discovered in Egypt, set out with a group to see what she could find and arrived home with the head of Nefertiti's daughter, which now graces a room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (Cady.)

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. *By Chester Bowles. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A substantial study of America's role in world affairs (with particular reference to our relations with Asia, Europe, Africa, and South America), all done by the former U. S. Ambassador to India. (Kogan.)

NEW FOUND WORLD: How North America Was Discovered and Explored. *By Harold Lamb. Doubleday & Co.* $5.75.
An exhaustive history of the discovery of America by Ice Age nomads, Vikings, Columbus, and other well-known explorers. The fifth volume of The Mainstream of America Series, which chronologically belongs at the head of the series. (Hormel.)

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. *By Walter Lord. Henry Holt.* $3.50.
The whole story of the people who ended up singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee" on a ship called the *Titanic*, brought together by a writer who persuaded his parents to take him on the *Olympic*, sister ship to the *Titanic*, at the early age of ten so that he could learn more about the lost liner and who has spent twenty-eight years since that time assembling as much information as he could on the ill-fated ship and its passengers. (Babcock.)

THE NOTEBOOKS OF MAJOR THOMPSON. *By Pierre Daninos. Translated by Robin Farn. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.95.
Or "An Englishman Discovers France and the French," being a light collection of some finite international incidents in which the fictional Major Thompson (a first cousin of Colonel Blimp) manages to become involved. (Tinkle.)

THE OPEN HEART. *By Edward Weeks. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
The peripatetic editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* recalls the years of boyhood in which he was building himself up for his present job and also reviews some thirty years and 30,000 miles by which he came into contact with a good many writers, famous and otherwise. (Hormel.)

PASSPORT TO PARIS. *By Vernon Duke. Little, Brown* $5.
The autobiography of a composer whose career has been one long battle between opera and jazz. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

SAILORS KISS EVERYBODY. *By Florence McGehee. Macmillan.* $3.50.
Girlhood adventures in Oakland, California, all in the time of Carrie Nation and all viewed through the stereopticon. (Herzberg.)

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press.* $3.25.
An elongation of Mr. Wilson's report which first appeared in *The New Yorker* and which had to do with the whole story of the discovery of some ancient scrolls which promise to keep Biblical scholars busy for years. (Kogan.)

THE STORY OF MEDICINE. *By Kenneth Walker. Oxford University Press.* $6.
A substantial (and practical-minded) history of the evolution of medical men and medical knowledge. (O'Neill.)

TALES OF OLD-TIME TEXAS. *By J. Frank Dobie. Little, Brown.* $5.
A chuckwagon-full of Texas weather and Texan bluebonnets and Texan legends, all done in bigger-than-life Texan dimensions. (Tinkle.)

THOMAS GRAY: A BIOGRAPHY. *By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Cambridge University Press.* $4.75.
The first full-length life of the eighteenth-

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entury British poet whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is known to most American chool boys. (Hass.)

HREE TICKETS TO ADVENTURE. *By Gerald M. Durrell. Viking Press.* $3.75.
The British Guiana adventures of the author, who stalked a giant anteater on horseback, ried to keep an electric eel happy in his anoe, and had other splendid experiences. Hogan.)

IGER OF THE SNOWS. *By Tenzing, as told to James Ramsey Ullman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $4.50.
The autobiography of one of the two men o attain the heights of Everest. (Douglas.)

RIUMPH OF THE EGGHEADS. *By Horace Coon. Random House.* $4.
Mr. Coon's thesis is that we always turn to he eggheads for leadership in times of political rises, and he builds up cases to prove it in efferson, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, ogether with a study of the ways in which he egghead approaches political problems. Snajdr.)

VILD AMERICA. *By Roger T. Peterson and James Fisher. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
Ten weeks and 500 birds (plus a great many lora and fauna) in the lives and American ravels of famed ornithologist Peterson and his British companion. (Babcock.)

Fiction

HIRTEEN VOTES

IARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. *By Herman Wouk. Doubleday.* $4.95.
The story of a beautiful New York middle-lass Jewish girl, of her dreams of becoming n actress, and of her adventures in finding the ight Man. (Babcock, Bond, Cady, Cross, Douglas, Herzberg, Hogan, Molyneaux, O'Neill, John C. Sherman, Thomas B. Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

IGHT VOTES

ANDERSONVILLE. *By MacKinlay Kantor. World Publishing Co.* $5.
The whole horror story of the Confederate rison where 14,000 of 36,000 inmates died. Babcock, Barkham, Cady, Cross, Dolbier, Hogan, John K. Sherman, Snajdr.)

EVEN VOTES

BAND OF ANGELS. *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House.* $3.95.
The life of Amantha Starr, whose fate it was o be raised as a young lady of a Kentucky plantation and then sold down the river as a lave in New Orleans. (Bond, Flowers, Herzberg, Molyneaux, John K. Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

OUR VOTES

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS. *By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
The tenth and latest novel of one of the leading satirists of our times, taking up again the heme of conflict between human intellect and human spirit. (Little, North, John K. Sherman, Yeiser.)

HREE VOTES

CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN. *By Thomas Mann. Translated by Denver Lindley. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
Perhaps the great German's last novel, the tory of a charming rogue. (Barkham, Flowers, ohn K. Sherman.)

THE DEER PARK. *By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $4.
The controversial third novel by the author of "The Naked and the Dead," all having to do with the lives and goals of two men, one a writer and the other a Hollywood director, as well as with a great many call girls, pimps, and perverts. (Flowers, Kogan, Wyllie.)

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. *By P. H. Newby. Alfred A. Knopf. Paperbound,* $1.25.
A kind of comic "Passage to Egypt," a satire on Englishmen trying to bear the white man's burden on the Nile. (Little, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

A TALE FOR MIDNIGHT. *By Frederic Prokosch. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
A fictional reconstruction of the murder of Francesco Cenci, one of the most intriguing mysteries of the Italian Renaissance. (Barkham, McManis, Molyneaux.)

THE TONTINE. *By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday.* 2 vols. $5.95.
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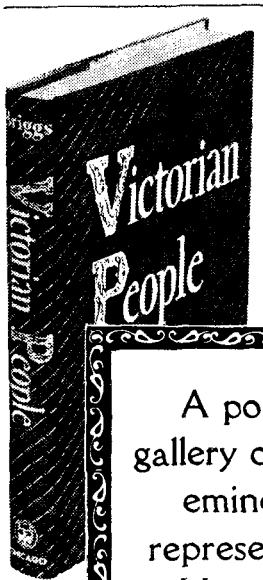

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FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
OLIVE DEANE HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEAUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Service
FRANK O'NEILL, Cleveland News
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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families whose fortunes were tied up with it. (Bond, John K. Sherman, Snajdr.)

WATERFRONT. *By Budd Schulberg. Random House.* $3.95.
A novel dealing with the same characters and situation as the prize-winning film "On the Waterfront," although it was written after the completion of the latter. (Little, O'Neill, Wyllie.)

THE YEARS OF THE CITY. *By George Stewart. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50.
The life and death of an ancient city named Phrax—an allegory in which Mr. Stewart manages to mirror not only the politics and the intrigues of ancient cities but also the politics and intrigues of modern states. (Dolbier, Little, McManis.)

TWO VOTES

HAUNTED HACIENDA. *By Madison Cooper. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.
Some of the colorful episodes—the duels, stagecoach hold-ups, Indian scalpings (and the romance)—that characterized life on the Texas frontier right after the War Between the States. (Smith, Tinkle.)

THE PROPHET. *By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $4.
A novel about the life and tribulations of that little-known prophet who is called Deutero-Isaiah by Bible scholars and who, like the Biblical characters in others of Mr. Asch's works, contributed a great deal to the Jewish and Christian doctrines of a Messiah. (Flowers, Kogan.)

THE TREE OF MAN. *By Patrick White. Viking Press.* $4.50.
The story of the family of an Australian cattle raiser that in many ways resembles those of our own frontiersmen. (Flowers, O'Neill.)

ONE VOTE

BELL'S LANDING. *By Gerald Warner Brace. W. W. Norton.* $3.75.
The story of an old house on Cape Ann and the enduring impression it made on two brothers. (Smith.)

CASTLE GARAC. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A modern fairytale which revolves pleasantly around a search for a castle and a beautiful blonde. (Wyllie.)

EXCELSIOR! *By Paul Hyde Bonner. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
About a naturalized American sent to spy on his father's banking firm in wartime Switzerland. (North.)

THE HAWK AND THE SUN. *By Byron Herbert Reece. E. P. Dutton.* $3.
The story of a Southern lynching. (Smith.)

HUFFLEY FAIR. *By Dorothy Evelyn Smith. E. P. Dutton.* $3.50.
Three generations of intermarriage between Yorkshiremen and gypsies, and of the lives of the issue thereof. (McManis.)

THE LAST HURRAH. *By Edwin O'Connor. Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press.* $4.
All about the Boston Irish and their Boston-Irish politics as told through the eyes of one Frank Skeffington, half-hero, half-rascal, and all Boston Irish. (Dolbier.)

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. *By Thomas Hal Phillips. Harper & Bros.* $3.
Of the bad blood between a fictional Southern sharecropper and a fictional Southern heir. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

LEAVEN OF MALICE. *By Robertson Davies. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
A satire on life in a moderate-sized Canadian city, and especially in its university and its cathedral. (Cady.)

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. *By Sloan Wilson. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A study of the most typical postwar American, the Commuter. (Douglas.)

MAYBE I'M DEAD. *By Joe Klaas. Macmillan.* $4.50.
The story of a forced march of Allied prisoners across Germany so their captors might prevent liberation by Soviet troops. (Bond.)

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A romantic adventure that befell a Free French pilot while on a World War II mission and how it affected his life. (Wyllie.)

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP. *By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann.* $5.
A retelling of the long and unforgiving feud between Thomas à Becket and Henry II, and posing some high moral problems and some high drama. (McManis.)

NOT HONOUR MORE. *By Joyce Cary. Harper.* $3.50.
Completion of the trilogy begun with "Prisoner of Grace" and "Except the Lord," chronicling the downfall of a powerful and dishonest political leader. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN. *By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
The fortunes of a number of British commandos through misadventures in Crete during World War II to present a deflating picture of twentieth-century war. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE PERSISTENT IMAGE. *By Gladys Schmitt. Dial Press.* $3.50.
Love, divorce, and a little psychology, done up in fancy ribbons. (Molyneaux.)

THE RETURN OF THE KING. *By J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
The third and final part of the allegorical "The Lords of the Rings," being the fictional history of the Third Age of Middle Earth before the beginnings of The Age of the Dominion of Men. (Dolbier.)

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP. *By Commander Edward L. Beach, U.S.N. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.95.
Some depth castings into life among the submarines during World War II. By the author of "Submarine!" (McManis.)

THE SIXTH OF JUNE. *By Lionel Shapiro. Doubleday.* $3.95.
A romantic yet serious novel about the Normandy invasion, and especially about the problems, military as well as amorous, of a man from Connecticut participating in it. (Hogan.)

SO HELP ME GOD! *By Felix Jackson. Viking Press.* $3.50.
A frightening little tale about one Spencer Donovan, a young lawyer attempting to prove the evils of the doctrine of guilt by association and who, therefore, writes an anonymous letter accusing himself of being a Communist, sends it off to the public, suffers the horrible results of being branded as such, and, luckily, lives to prove his point. (Snajdr.)

THE SOUND OF WHITE WATER. *By Hugh Fosburgh. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
The adventures of three young fellows who canoe down a New York State river through marvelous woods and two glorious weeks of the month of June. (Barkham.)

THE STEPMOTHER. *By R. C. Hutchinson. Rinehart.* $3.50.
This new novel by the author of "Elephant and Castle" tells of the efforts of a second wife to build a bridge of understanding between her husband and his son. (Herzberg.)

High Adventure

Continued from page 29

use all kinds of underwater equipment. It is called **"Dive: The Complete Book of Skin Diving,"** and it is by Rick and Barbara Carrier (Wilfred Funk, $4.95).

Travel and Exploration

THERE is no abatement of the flow of books in this enduring category. Edmund Hillary adds his own words to the thousands that have been written about Mount Everest. The result is **"High Adventure"** (Dutton, $4.50), which tells a now familiar story very well, and is mightily enhanced with stunning photographs taken on the ascent and from the summit. Not all the challenging mountains are found in the Himalayas, though. Georges Kogan and Nicole Leininger tell in **"The Ascent of Alpamayo"** (John deGraff, $3.75) of a Franco-Belgian expedition against a 20,000-foot peak in the Andes. As usual in non-English books about mountain climbing, there is much of the passion of climbing expressed here, and there are some sensitive pictures of the life of the Indian descendants of the Incas with whom the climbers lived and worked.

"The Silent Continent," by William H. Kearns, Jr. and Beverly Britton (Harper, $3.50), is a complete history of Antarctic exploration, including the recent U.S. Navy expeditions, and it emphasizes throughout the individual achievements of men like Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton, and Byrd. A less harrowing but quite absorbing story of Antarctic life is given in Mario Marret's **"Seven Men Among the Penguins"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50), which tells of a winter spent in studying the habits of the Emporer Penguin and of how the expedition withstood the rigors and boredom of Antarctic confinement. Gerald M. Durrell is also an explorer who is interested in wild life, and he adds an ingredient that is often lacking in books of exploration: humor. In **"Three Tickets to Adventure"** (Viking, $3.75) he turns the comic eye he displayed so well in "The Bafut Beagles" to life in the South American jungles. Two other books of exploration that are sensitive evocations of life in out-of-the-way corners are **"Horned Moon: An Account of a Journey Through Pakistan, Kashmir, and Afghanistan,"** by Ian Stephens (Indiana University Press, $5), and **"Blue Veils, Red Tents: The Story of a Journey Across the Sahara,"** by Rene Gardi (Roy Publishers, $5). Both are profusely and beautifully illustrated with photographs.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

ve passages). "The feeling of not be-ıg understood and of not understand-ıg the world," he remarks early in ıe book, "is no mere accompaniment f first passion, but its sole non-acci-ental cause." Törless's futile search or "reason" in the rationally inacces-ible, his discovery of beauty, and his xperiencing the secret of power are ariations of that theme. Its most mov-ıg variation is his realization of the tter precariousness of human com-ıunication.

The tortured thief, treated like a *unted animal by the assembled class,* as given himself up to the master. 'he affair is investigated by the school oard. Törless's defense of himself is far beyond what [is] appropriate to is age. . . ."

"I feel it's there [he says toward the nd of his speech]. I feel it exists. It as an effect on me just as if I were rying to speak. I get as frantic as a erson trying to lip-read from the wisted mouth of someone who's para-yzed, and simply not being able to." 'he grownups are helpless. "Only the haplain was silent. In all Törless's alk it was the often recurring word soul' that had caught his attention. . . But he was not entirely sure what ıad been meant by it."

Notes

ORTH COUNTRY ADVENTURES: If you ıre an enthusiastic fisherman and a ıunter of deer or smaller game; if ou like to camp in the wilderness eside hazardous rapids and quiet tretches of swift water; if you like o dwell in solitude and can handle ı canoe downhill through submerged ocks, Hugh Fosburgh's short novel **"The Sound of White Water"** (Scrib-ıer, $3), is a book you will treasure.

Mr. Fosburgh obviously does not vant to have his wild paradise clut-ered with shacks and amateur Nim-ods. He says that it is located in the argest area of the state (what state?) where people speak the French-Ca-ıadian dialect and where there are no owns nor roads. It lies unheralded ınd lost in the big-woods North Country near a few of the larger lakes ınd some of the higher mountains, ınd, of course, a swift river. It used o be a logging river, but now the woodsmen have gone and left it mer-ifully to nature, to the deer, beaver, oons, bears, and of course to the game fish which are any piscator's delight. Why Mr. Fosburgh calls his absorbing book a novel is a mystery. He could not have written "The Sound of White Water" if he did not know at first hand the North Country, its dangerous plunging river, its wild denizens, and his human companions too well to have invented them. A novel is presumed to have a plot and in these days a female siren or two. At any rate, this is an entrancing account of adventures which the nature lover, whether he sits comfortably in his armchair recalling lost delights, or is young enough to battle with the wilderness and paddle down rocky chasms, will thoroughly enjoy.

—HARRISON SMITH.

HEROISM AT DUNKIRK: Fifteen years ago last May the Germans had abruptly called off the "phoney war" and swept through their traditional invasion routes in Belgium and northern France, pushing the remnants of the British Expeditionary Force into a small pocket at Dunkirk, on the English Channel. Here, with what seemed like maddening stupidity to the Germans, the British showed that they did not know that they were beaten. Elleston Trevor's novel **"The Big Pick-up"** (Macmillan, $3) describes the subsequent evacuation of the huge British Army that lived to fight another day. To do this he traces the progress of five men through fifty miles of wrecked towns, German-infiltrated countryside, and refugee-clogged roads onto the beach at Dunkirk, aboard a destroyer, into the water for two hours when the destroyer is torpedoed, aboard a barge towed by a minesweeper, and then, after the minesweeper is sunk, towed by a paddle-wheel river steamer, and finally into the Thames Estuary along with 300,000 of their fellows on the hundreds of ships, barges, fishing boats, and yachts that made this historic retreat possible.

Corporal Binns and the little group whom he shepherds through this infernal landscape are thoroughly believable and modest archetypes of British pluck. Their ordeal, skilfully worked into a widening panorama of the whole retreat, is told with photographic clarity and restrained compassion. Mr. Trevor gives a powerful impression of the wrenching impact of war not only on his heroes, but on the French countryside as well. Corporal Binns and his men, and the German Panzers behind them, move through an area still warm with civilian life: stoves burning, food in the larders, sheets on the beds, and unmilked cows moaning in the fields. Then, as he lays on the details of dive-bombing, rear guard artillery duels, and the endless, orderly waiting on the strafed and bombed beaches, the picture of Dunkirk is completed with a memorable view of the mass

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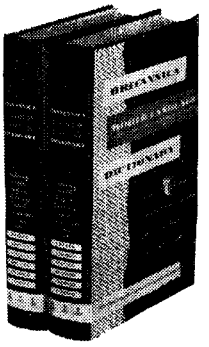

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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courage and steadfastness of the Englishmen whom Hitler misjudged so badly. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

WAR CASUALTY: Laurent Tenand, about whom Monica Stirling writes in her new novel, **"The Boy in Blue"** (Coward-McCann, $3), is half-French and half-English and lives in the country near Paris. At the age of twenty-one he is a highly successful composer of sophisticated popular songs, but he himself is singularly unformed, unsophisticated, and uninformed. The reasons for this are disclosed when he meets Mounette, a young Parisian of his own age and class, to whom he tells the story of the massacre at St. Roch during World War II, and how he happened to survive it. Since that time he has lived in a state of automation. Shortly thereafter, however, he becomes completely transformed through an affair with a rich older woman who fascinates him, and then evolves into a person of considerable gaiety and urbanity. The transformation is unconvincing.

Miss Stirling is apparently a pupil of a pupil of a pupil of Ronald Firbank, is undoubtedly equally familiar with the Aubrey Mennen and the Kathleen Norris schools, has read, and has a talent for writing, travel books with colorful descriptions, and has read and assimilated at least one account of a war atrocity. The elemen of plot, character, and style suff from the derivations which have a fected the author. They produce suc a heavy impasto that the result is confusing and rather dull smudge. —BONNIE GOLIGHTLY.

TWO INNOCENTS: Tom Christopher, a orphan boy and the hero of Dav Grubb's **"A Dream of Kings"** (Scrib ner, $3.95), is taken in by his Au Sara, a severe elderly lady of We Virginia. She knows her duty, and al takes in a young, motherless girl, r kin, and thereby hangs the tale, na rated in torrential prose. Cathie convinced that her father, Abijah, wh has prematurely gone off to the wa in 1855, will return a King. He has to her so, and the vision of his retu sustains her and Tom through the difficult childhood with Aunt Sara.

Both children, at the onset puberty, ensnared by the pathologic attitudes of Sara, grow to interpret th intensity of their feelings as hatred one another. The sex phantasies of th boy are just this side of psychosis, ar when he seduces Cathy, confusing h act with that of murder, and runs c to the war, one's credulity is taxed the breaking point. His subsequent ac ventures—with a soothsayer, in th fighting with Stonewall Jackson, wi a prostitute—do nothing to restore

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULARLITERATIONS ONCE MORE

Not long gone this department listed a group of alliterative titles, and it no repeats and refines itself. Here are twenty alliterative titles of British ar American novels or stories (and one book of travels) in which the name of character provides the title. Kindly correlate titles and authors. A score twelve or fewer will be held ungood; thirteen through seventeen, encouragin eighteen or better, admirable. Answers on page 44.

1. "Alice Adams"	( ) Hervey Allen
2. "Anthony Adverse"	( ) Irving Bacheller
3. "Billy Budd'	( ) Robert Montgomery Bird
4. "Bunker Bean"	( ) James Fenimore Cooper
5. "Captain Caution"	( ) Charles Dickens
6. "Daniel Deronda"	( ) George Eliot
7. "Davenport Dunn"	( ) Charles Lever
8. "Denis Duval"	( ) Edgar Lee Masters
9. "Gaut Gurley"	( ) Herman Melville
10. "Griffith Gaunt"	( ) James Otis (Kaler)
11. "Helen Halsey"	( ) Charles Reade
12. "Lionel Lincoln"	( ) Kenneth Roberts
13. "Mitch Miller"	( ) Sir Walter Scott
14. "Nicholas Nickleby"	( ) William Gilmore Simms
15. "Peter Pilgrim"	( ) Tobias Smollett
16. "Phineas Finn"	( ) Booth Tarkington
17. "Rob Roy"	( ) William Makepeace Thackera
18. "Roderick Random"	( ) Daniel Pierce Thompson
19. "Silas Strong"	( ) Anthony Trollope
20. "Toby Tyler"	( ) Harry Leon Wilson

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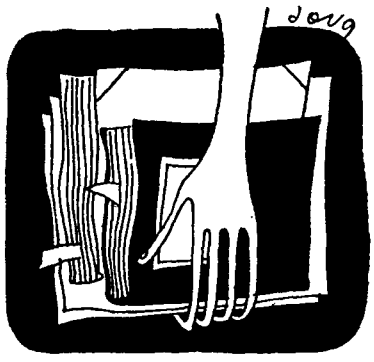

om deserts, returns to Sara, and re-
umes a connubial relationship with
athie, who, convinced that her father
dead, is more tractable. Neither
omprehends the correlation between
exual relations and the propagation
the species; they are informed of
athie's condition by some kindly
eighbors on the eve of her confine-
ent—and death. Tom is presumably
ft to rear the offspring. God help it!

—DACHINE RAINER.

IE BODY, PHYSICAL AND POLITIC: Given
ie situation Hans Kades poses in his
ovel, **"Without Sanction,"** (translated
y E. B. Ashton; Criterion, $3.75), it
to be expected that a certain amount
narrative suspense will follow. Re-
urning from a Russian prison-camp
his native Germany, now trans-
ormed from Hitler's neatly-tended
arden sown with the seeds of
orld domination into an atavistic
ingle seething with the struggle for
neer survival, medical student Rich-
rd Gerbrand passes himself off as a
ull-fledged surgeon and gets a staff
ob in a hospital. Because his skill
ar surpasses his academic training,
e performs brilliantly, and also dis-
lays unimpeachable ethical conduct.
t last, as we knew it would, his white
e is discovered and he faces ruin.
ut, perhaps because author Kades
nows well how to boil a pot, perhaps
ecause he is just of a naturally san-
uine humor, his hero is vindicated by
ie courts and by the profession, and
alks off the last page into a prom-
ing future. This is a workmanlike,
untaxing, novel, and the stetho-
cope-and-scalpel set should find its
ospital scenes quite authentic.

The situation is quite reversed in **An Apple a Day,"** by Lenard Kauf-
an (Henry Holt, $3.50). Mr. Kauf-
an's medic, Dr. Rossiter, has the
ecessary degree, a nice office, and a
lientele of rich old ladies who make
ore demands on his social savoir-
aire than upon his medical acumen.
ut he is a selfish moral weakling
ho shouldn't have been allowed to
eel a pulse. When his well-to-do
ife's brother comes home from mis-
ionary work in starving India,
racked with malaria but possessed of enough stamina to begin effectively wheedling money for his cause, Rossiter sees his dream castles tumbling, and in an insane effort to prevent it he commits such excesses of ethical misconduct that his ultimate downfall seems only right and proper. Clogged with lengthy passages of prosaic, unimaginative soliloquies in which the characters sum up their positions, and crippled with some superficial characterization, "An Apple a Day" doesn't begin to take hold until very near the end. It is certainly not of the quality of which Mr. Kaufman has proved himself capable in earlier novels, and it testifies to the fact that books about doctors are not necessarily sure-fire items.

Felix Jackson is concerned with the health of the body politic, *i.e.*, the infringement upon individual liberties which have attended some of this country's efforts to make itself secure against Communism. He has written a novel about it called **"So Help Me God"** (Viking, $3.50) and, though obviously a vehicle for a moral message, its story, involving some interesting characters, seldom fails to be an exciting one. The plot winds itself around Spencer Donovan, a serious, idealistic young lawyer who, alarmed at the extent to which unfounded allegations involving a citizen's connection with Communism have blighted innocent lives, decides to make a test case of himself. He is confident that, with the aid of an ace up his sleeve, he can demonstrate to a lethargic public the way in which justice is being travestied, and at the same time emerge from the fray unscathed. He manages to prove his point, but very nearly at the expense of his career and his personal well-being. "So Help Me God" will set no enduring record for literary accomplishment, but it is better than either of the doctor novels noted above. Mr. Jackson, writing in a crisp, colloquial style, moves things along at a fast pace and, though guilty of certain oversimplifications in lining up his opposing forces, he has a knack for sprinkling his story with effective circumstantial details which help give it the impact of reality.

—JEROME STONE.

ALSO NOTED: The worthwhile intention of George J. W. Goodman in **"The Bubble Makers"** (Viking, $3) is to lampoon the quest for security and suburbia. However, the author's chief bubble fancier, a Harvard madcap who wants to drive a jeep to Bhutan ("a terrific country between India and Tibet") is just too much of a lightweight to sustain Mr. Goodman's satiric intentions. Both the author and his footloose Ivy Leaguer have looked at depressing symptoms of our life

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—*W. E. Griffith, Radio Free Europe*

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and times that are crying for satiric treatment. But they haven't looked long enough and hard enough to make "The Bubble Makers" more than a hollow chuckle. Maybe next time.

"The Sunlit Ambush" (Viking, $3) is another foray by Mark Derby into the steamy boscage of Malaysia. One of Mr. Derby's strong, silent, and weary Englishmen comes to the rescue of a young white rajah, and his svelte sister, and finally brings law and order to the troubled isle of Selatan. A pretty fair adventure story with lots of sneaky mayhem. Mr. Derby is at his weakest in the area of romance, but who needs love when there are plenty of homicides?

Manning Coles, better known as a writer of well-tailored adventure stories, turns to the field of ectoplasmic farce in **"Happy Returns"** (Doubleday, $3). Charles and James Latimer (two courtly gents who left this mortal coil in 1870), pop out of their resting place in St. Denis-sur-Seine, get suited out at the local S. Klein's, and go gallivanting about like a pair of spooky Robin Hoods. This is the Latimers' second literary incarnation, so there is evidently a public for their kind of fun. But the humor seems to this reader to wear as thin as the apparitions themselves.

Winston Graham writes both historical novels and suspense stories, but not, if **"The Little Walls"** (Doubleday, $3.50) is a prime example of the latter, with equal facility. If memory serves, Mr. Graham's last novel of old England crackled with eighteenth-century huggermugger. "The Little Walls" on the other hand—which follows a man's search for his brother's murderer from Amsterdam to Capri—is disappointingly static and cluttered with irrelevancies.

"The Lark Shall Sing" (Morrow, $3), Elizabeth Cadell's latest export, is all about one of those frolicksome English families, the appreciation of which calls for an acquired taste—like ginger marmalade or kippers for breakfast. Anyhow, luscious Lucille Wayne, the eldest of an orphaned family, is about to marry a stuffy solicitor who has a ridiculous penchant for peace and quiet. Whereupon Lucille's five uninhibited brothers and sisters descend upon poor Digby (for that is indeed his name) and give him a foretaste of his future. What Digby does shall not be revealed here, but let it be said that he is no fool.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 19, 15, 12, 14, 6, 7, 13, 3, 20, 10, 5, 17, 11, 18, 1, 8, 9, 16, 4.

Persuasion Under the Cherry Blossoms

Continued from page 13

poration executive receives a small salary, but a large entertainment account. His house is probably provided by his company. A company car picks him up and takes him home. The company may even buy his suits. They take care of him when he is old and even bury him. But in all his life he has few possessions in comparison with his Western counterpart.

Fourth, the Japanese have a profound respect for strength and a hunger for knowledge.

Fifth, the Japanese character is reserved. For all his famed politeness, the Japanese seldom has heart-to-heart friends. He seems unable to loosen up, and is inclined to look upon everyone outside his own compound with reserve, even suspicion.

The Japanese are industrious, clever, artistic people. Their society is heavily paternalistic. They are reserved and proud. They have a sense of duty that is frightening. They are athletic and sports-loving. Beyond these traits they seem full of the contradictions so apparently indigenous to "the mysterious East."

U. S. INFORMATION FROM MANY FRONTS

Japan gets its flow of U.S. information from not one, but many, channels.

First—and probably foremost—there are the American news services, chief of which are the United Press and the Associated Press. In addition, there are INS and NANA, also American, and Reuters, British. "Opposing" news services are the Central News Agency of China and PANA, also Chinese.

Second, there are American movies, a force which undoubtedly heavily colors Japanese thinking about American life. The Japanese are great moviegoers; and Japanese cities have their "neighborhood" theatres, where the admission is as low as thirty yen—about ten cents. It is hard to isolate the influence of the movies—you hear chiefly of the effect of individual pictures like "From Here to Eternity" and "The Sands of Iwo Jima," where the reaction was violent and damaging. But recently there was also Cinerama—a box-office smash—which is magnificent U. S. propaganda.

Third, there is the impact of Americans who live, for the moment, in Japan—both military and civilians. By now there is scarcely a Japanese who has not had some contact with an American.

Fourth, there is the influence of such elements of the American culture as have taken firm root in Japa Baseball is an enthusiasm whic amounts to a national insanity. Eac year USIS sends an announcer of th Japan Broadcasting Company to th U. S. to report the World's Series; th Voice of America then carries the tap report back to Japan. American jaz has almost crowded out native Jap anese music. Western classical musi is very popular.

Fifth, there is the influence c American magazines and books. *Th Reader's Digest* is published in Jap anese; *Time* has a special Pacific edi tion in English. *Life*, *The Saturda Evening Post*, and other well-know U. S. magazines circulate to man "opinion formers."

Sixth, there are the private organ izations formed to cement American Japanese relations, or build prop under democratic principles—such a the America-Japan Society, the Asi Foundation (formerly the Committe for Free Asia), as well as, on selecte projects, such familiar America foundations as Rockefeller and Forc

Seventh, there are the various In formation Services of the U. S. mili tary forces. Such items as the with drawal of troops from Japan, th "mistreatment" of the Okinawa native by the military, etc., have a definit influence on Japanese feelings towar America.

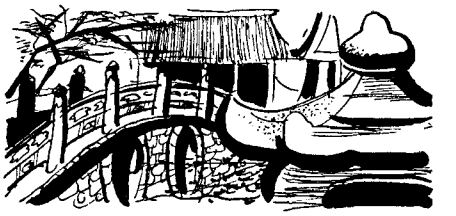
Eighth, there is the U. S. Informa tion Service, perhaps a minority voic in the entire chorus.

THE DAILY INFIGHTING

The first major classification of U. S propaganda (the word is used in it nice, not nasty, sense) is the inter pretation of the actions of the Unite States and those of our enemy.

The primary rule in the War o Words is never to forget that action speak louder. One adverse or unfor tunate action by the U. S. can, in on day, wreck the painstaking work o years. Here is a doleful example.

In March 1954 the fishing boa *Fukuryu Maru* landed in Japan witl a tale of horror. The crew had bee showered with a powderlike radio active dust which had been carrie by the wind from our atomic-bom



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tests at Bikini. Some of the crew were in bad shape, with skins already blackened by the mysterious rays. The reaction of the Japanese public was understandably electric. Once again the science-mad Americans were contemptuously using Japanese as human guinea-pigs.

American rebuttal could not have been worse. Nobody apologized; not a soul in high places said they were sorry. A Senator traveling in Japan said the Japanese were exaggerating. A Congressman on the Atomic Energy Committee said the fishermen must have been spying. The Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission said they must have been within the warning zone. (They weren't.) And with the memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki still vivid, Japanese hysteria and fear snowballed. Japanese families refused to eat fish for fear of contamination; the bottom dropped out of the tunafish market. The rumor spread that rain brought the deadly contamination to the earth—and Geiger counters were used to meter vegetables. According to the Japanese press, Americans were heartless spreaders of Ashes of Death—journalese for radioactive dust. Throughout this feverish controversy our instruments of mass communication—which could have quickly minimized the damage—were deliberately muzzled and unused. Eventually the furor died, but its effects are still felt.

PAINTING THE U. S. PICTURE

Much of the U. S. information in Japan flows out from our information centers.

The information centers are called Cultural Centers in Japan, simply because the phrase translates better that way. The Japanese word for information has overtones of Goebbels. The Centers were established, to its everlasting credit, by the U. S. Army and are perhaps the richest legacy of the Occupation. There are now fourteen main Centers, with 287 smaller branches or "deposits" which contain U. S. books and publications but which make no demands on the U. S. payroll. To the eye these Centers are merely libraries—libraries simply crawling with knowledge-hungry Japanese. Actually they are distribution points for the "products" of USIS, from press releases to movies.

To the Centers come a parade of special groups to see special films. Film showings in Japan are at the rate of about forty-seven a day—the Tokyo Center alone keeps twenty movie projectors busy. Center directors run lectures, concerts, and special events. They are in demand for speeches and radio talks—and they have as much prestige in the town where they reign as the American Ambassador has in Tokyo. An aura of goodwill surrounds each Center like a priceless halo.

TV in Japan is young—only 50,000 sets. Yet the sets are strategically placed in public places. Japan has both government and private television stations—and our information appears on both. Our specially made newsreels are a daily feature on NHK—Japan Broadcasting; our films, in one way or another, show up with considerable frequency on Japan's screens. On radio we do even better: about 5 per cent of the total broadcasting time on Japanese radio is devoted to material supplied by USIS.

On movies also the picture is a fairly happy one. But not so on press, publications, and books. Here the bony fingers of the U. S. Bureau of the Budget have taken their toll. To the newspapers of Japan each night goes the USIS *Wireless Bulletin*—a transmittal of news and comment by radio from Washington. The news items in the *Wireless Bulletin* differ from those carried by the commercial news services only in that they give details thought to have propaganda value. The fly in the ointment is that, with some exceptions, USIS news items see the light only in the smaller Japanese papers—the papers with small circulations, too poor to subscribe to a commercial wire service like AP or UP. A little more money would let USIS provide the metropolitan papers with specially written feature stories.

Publications and books also suffer primarily from that fatal ailment of the budgetary tract: malnutrition. About 250 American books get translated into Japanese a year; it should be a minimum of 1,000. Many more books in French get redone into squiggly Japanese characters than our own. Only about 160 of the 250 books are the result of an independent arrangement between the Japanese and American publishers. The stumbling block is, of course, money—not ideology. U. S. publishers want high royalties—from 8 to 20 per cent, usually near the latter. Copyright fees are high, too. Royalty and copyright fees for Russian books? Zero. For books from Communist China? Likewise zero.

UNMASKING SKULDUGGERY

The last phase of U. S. persuasion is the brass-knuckles phase. It is to whack Communism where it hurts. You can do very little Communist-thumping in Japan over the Government-owned radio and TV, or in the

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newspapers. You can do it with movies, if you use judgment and if you know the Japanese mind. But mostly you must depend for your offensive phase upon books and publications.

When you consider using books that go after the Communists hell-for-leather you run into still another difficulty. The Japanese often aren't interested. Such books don't sell. Back when the Reds were exploiting the conviction of the Communist spies the Rosenbergs our side got wind of a forthcoming book shrewdly calculated to appeal to Japanese emotions: "Death House Letters." This was reputed to be letters written by the Rosenbergs to their children, but doubtless was the product of a good Communist ghost. So USIS arranged the quick translation of Fineberg's excellent book, "The Rosenberg Case: Fact or Fiction." In fact, it beat the Commie entry to the bookstores. Yet the Japanese bought 150,000 copies of the Red fairytales and only 7,000 copies of the Fineberg book.

On the other hand, the Japanese thirst for knowledge makes them read books that Westerners would consider heavy-going. But cuts in appropriations have crippled our book and pamphlet program. Only by ingenuity —by wheedling and begging—has it been possible for the richest nation on earth to circulate a few hundred thousand anti-Communist publications.

THE BAIT SWALLOWERS

The two groups in Japan which have most eagerly swallowed the Communist bait are Japanese labor and Japanese intellectuals. In both cases the situation is unhealthy. Japanese labor is now heavily on the Red side. Most of organized labor belongs to an association of Japanese craft labor unions called SOHYO, or General Council of Japanese Trade Unions. The coloration of the individual unions which compose SOHYO ranges from pink to tomato red, or from Marxism to Soviet Communism. And of SOHYO's 3,000,000 members 2,000,000 are Government employes and hence in a preferred position to make trouble. It is of no help, either, that the SOHYO group which makes the most noise and shows the most leadership is the Teachers Union, called NIKKYOSO.

How much are we doing to woo labor from the Reds? Not much. The situation with Japanese intelligentsia is not much more reassuring. The centers of infection are, of course, the universities. Long before the war the universities were fascinated by Marxism and many professors continue to be bemused. Most damaging of all is the enthusiasm of most professors of economics, who still do not find Marxism disagreeing with their learned stomachs—even in the year 1955 when Karl Marx's predictions have proved so utterly wrong. During the past year we have begun an intelligent effort to reach the intellectuals. USIS sends to educators and others a thoughtful publication called "Problems of Communism," circulates a special newspaper to students, and presents books to thought leaders.

But, once again, for reasons of economy the medicine is not being supplied in large enough doses to cure the disease.

HOW ARE WE DOING?

For the sake of the long-suffering American taxpayer it is important we get clear on a few fundamentals. The first of these is to make dead sure we know what we are after. The most common error is to assume that we are running an information program because we are trying to be loved.

This seems to me a mistake for two reasons. First, because any psychiatrist will tell you we unconsciously tend to dislike those who do us favors, and hence obligate us. And second, because the feelings of one country toward another are impossible to stabilize and fluctuate wildly with events. Even the enemies of one decade are the allies of the next, and emotions ebb and flow accordingly. Americans are the fat boys of the world, and U. S. taxpayers could never supply sufficient funds to make us into the world's beloved We may as well resign ourselves to this melancholy fact of life.

It is quite another matter to want to be respected and trusted. This is essential if we expect Japan or anyone else to be our partner. Right now Japan seems safely oriented toward the free world, but we certainly cannot afford to be complacent. It is not far from austerity to hunger to a cry for a change—and change to Asians still means Communism. One of the great failures of the West is to make clear the fact that a new kind of capitalism has been born—a People's Capitalism which comes closer than any previous society to achieving man's age old goal of the good life for all.

Perhaps a free-world Karl Marx will yet appear to set down the basic doctrine of People's Capitalism. Such a book, written to fire the imagination, might well change the history of the world. But, lacking such a doctrine, the chief new need of the information program in Japan appears to be more concentration on dampening the two potential powder-kegs—labor and the intellectuals.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
FAMOUS CRIMINAL CASES *Rupert Furneaux* (Roy: $3.50)	Twelve fact yarns, all British and contemporary, many unfamiliar to U.S. felony fans.	Courtroom technique accented over police methods; mystery element often absent.	Sketchy in spots.
THE FATAL PICNIC *Bernice Carey* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Loathed male relative shot at So. Cal. hot-dog fiesta; numerous next of kin in tizzy.	Abundance of motives adds to confusion in nicely-managed yarn; characterization sharp.	Her usual sound job
MOONRAKER *Ian Fleming* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British Secret Service agent James Bond unearths plot involving super-rocket; sparks fly.	Wild doings on Channel Coast as hero, heroine, villains tangle amid gadgetry.	Orthodox spy-thriller.
THE POWER OF POISON *John Glaister* (Morrow: $3.75)	Prof. of forensic medicine, U. of Glasgow, discusses most devilish of murder weapons.	Law, pathology, case histories; solid, accurate, but badly organized and presented.	See comment at left.
LADY, GET YOUR GUN *Paul Ernst* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Rose petal figures in Miami slaughter involving gangsters, gals, tycoons; cops middling tough.	Sprightly style sets this number notch higher than conventional plug-ugly yarn.	Nicely frivolous.
TOP ASSIGNMENT *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.75)	Pleasant Boston newshawk puts wits to solving killing that ties in with photo prize contest.	Involvements multiply as trail lengthens; pace fair to good; author's 35th.	Plus mark.
STRANGER IN TOWN *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Pvt. Op. Mike Shayne tours Florida; gets slugged, pinched; meets fair woman, killers.	Amnesia a factor; characters largely on tough side; pace variable.	The mixture as before

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Elizabeth I and Her Cold War

Continued from page 12

Netherlands revolted against Catholic Spain; and that struggle lasted even longer. Protestant zealots in England became convinced that at the Council of Trent and subsequently at a Franco-Spanish conference a universal Catholic conspiracy had been planned, its object to root out Protestantism by every means, in every country.

THEN, in 1568, occurred the event which was to end all hope of insularity: the flight of Mary Queen of Scots to England. Mary was a Catholic. Through her mother she was a daughter of the House of Guise, leaders of militant Catholicism in France. It could be argued that she was the rightful Queen of England: certainly, on grounds of mere descent, she had the best title to be Elizabeth's successor. And Mary as Queen of England foretold a return to Catholicism, the nightmare of all good Protestants. She instantly became a focus for discontents, political as well as religious. Her mere presence revived Catholic hopes and attracted conspirators, both foreign and English. The relative tranquility of the first decade of the reign was ended. English statesmen foresaw the peril, but the alternative of allowing this dangerous woman to leave the country was even more perilous. "Our good Queen," wrote one of them, "has the wolf by the ears." The Queen of Scots was kept in honorable captivity, and remained a captive till her execution in 1587.

In little more than a year trouble matured with the Northern Rebellion, a coalescence round Mary of political and religious discontent. More serious than that, the Papacy seized the opportunity to issue a Bull deposing Elizabeth, thus openly ranging international Catholicism against Protestant England. It was the beginning of a period of cold war and aggressive devices similar to those we have experienced. English Catholics fled to the Continent, where they were trained for the English mission field and sent back secretly to convert their countrymen. Throughout the 1580s the Papacy and the Guise party in France were busy planning the invasion of England by an international Catholic army, to be aided by a revolt of English Catholics: the "Enterprise of England," as it was called. The ever-increasing band of missionaries, however innocent their intentions, were, from the standpoint of the Enterprise, a stratagem of war. They were recruiting a fifth column, to be called into action at the Pope's command when the invaders landed.

Against this general background there occurred plot after plot, beginning with the Ridolfi Plot of 1572. Plans were made and remade for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth and ultimately—as the English Government discovered—received the official blessing of the Holy See, through the Papal Secretary. Add the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France in 1572, and the assassination of William the Silent by a Catholic fanatic in 1584, and we have a picture of the times as seen by Elizabethans: ideological warfare without scruple or limit, the sort of nightmare experienced by many of our contemporaries.

The reaction of the nation and the policy of the Queen are both of interest to us today. They are best seen in Parliament, where, as each phase of the danger developed, new legislation was required for defense of the Queen's person and the country. One notes the constant extension of the law of treason; and it is worth reflecting that in the ideological State treasons inevitably multiply.

The general scene is of an angry, fanatically tempered House of Commons, supported in some of their most extreme proposals by the more sober-minded House of Lords and Privy Councillors. It is not surprising. Nothing stood between Protestant England and the threat, bordering on certainty, of Mary Queen of Scots obtaining the throne, with the backing of international Catholicism—nothing, except the life of Queen Elizabeth. And that life was subject to the hazards of epidemic illness and assassination. The religion, the careers, the fortunes, possibly the lives of these men were at stake. They wanted to root out Catholicism in England by any and every means, stop the missionaries by merciless laws, answer terror by terror. Many spoke and acted as if the only good Catholic was a dead one.

Standing against Parliament and her Councillors, often in stark isolation, was the Queen. She proved herself a *politique*, which is not to say that she was indifferent about her faith. Her own experience in her sister's reign, reinforced by temperament, had taught her the principles by which to rule. They might be comprehended in the phrase civil obedience. The State was Protestant; the law demanded attendance at Church; the people must conform. But she would be content with outward obe-

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dience. She was opposed to forcing conscience, "Her Majesty," as Francis Bacon expressed it, "not liking to make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts." She had assured her people of this in 1570, at the time of the Northern Rebellion; and when, in the Parliament of 1571, both Houses, with the cordial support of bishops and Councillors, passed a bill to compel attendance at the Communion service—in order, as one Puritan zealot declared, that "not only the external and outward show" but "the very secrets of the heart" should come to a reckoning—the Queen vetoed the bill. The relevance of such an incident to our own days needs no stressing.

The Queen continued to restrain her Parliaments. In 1581, when the first Jesuit mission and other events had invested the Catholic threat with a new intensity, Lords and Commons joined to frame a bill imposing orthodoxy on the country with the ruthlessness of a modern totalitarian regime. Missionaries and their converts, without qualification, were to be guilty of treason; and for other Catholics there were Draconic provisions. Elizabeth intervened to reduce the penalties, and so qualified the treasonable offense that it was made dependent not on the simple act of conversion but on treasonable intention. Here she applied her second principle of policy, namely—as Bacon defined it—that matters of conscience cease to be such when they exceed their bounds and become matters of faction, involving overt threats to the established government. It was a principle that she extended to the Puritans as well.

Needless to say, these Parliaments of Elizabeth would have destroyed the focus of all troubles, Mary Queen of Scots, long before 1587 if they had been allowed. The Queen's reaction to their fearful anger makes one of the most astonishing stories of the reign. In 1572, after the Ridolfi Plot, Privy Council, Lords, and Commons united in a passionate determination to attaint and execute Mary. When Elizabeth demurred they repeated their demand with all the vehemence and argument they could devise; and it was only after a second, emphatic denial that they turned, in disgust and tears, to the milder alternative of excluding Mary from the succession to the throne. At the end of the session Elizabeth confounded them all by vetoing their second bill. Next, in 1585, following further plots and the assassination of William the Silent, Council and Parliament wanted to fight the Cold War, now degenerating into murder, with its own weapon. They proposed to legalize lynch law against Mary. Elizabeth intervened to amend the bill in the interests of decency. Even after the Babington Plot, when the nation could no longer be denied its vengeance, the Queen did her utmost to avoid the inevitable. No historical legend could be more ironic than the one which saddles Elizabeth with unalloyed responsibility for the execution of this unfortunate woman.

IN SUCH an atmosphere it is not surprising that the Religious Settlement of 1559 was threatened by radicalism. We in our day have witnessed the expansion of Communist sympathy during the struggle with Nazism and Fascism. The Marian exiles had won the support of the House of Commons in the revolutionary mood at the opening of the reign. That mood, renewed by the cold war, restored the alliance of Puritan clergy with Parliament. After all, a distinguishing feature of Puritanism was hatred of every vestige of Popery; and on the political side that was the flamboyant symbol of patriotism. The men who pressed most relentlessly for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots and urged ruthless legislation against Catholics were also earnest Puritans. In this curious world of conflicting ideologies Queen Elizabeth found herself—like American statesmen in recent years—fighting a triangular duel and suffering from the shots of the other two duelists, Catholics and Puritans. The latter, though the most ardent of her supporters, gave her almost as much trouble as the common enemy.

In the 1570s the Puritan party among the clergy developed a younger left wing of extremists, who became Calvinist and wanted to change the polity of the Anglican Church, substituting Presbyterianism for the episcopal and hierarchical system inherited from Rome: a change so far-reaching in its political and social consequences that revolution is the only adequate term for it. Their program suited the times. Its claim to be the apostolic form of the Christian Church caught the prevalent mood

of truth-seeking, just as the doctrinaire character of Communism has attracted visionaries in our generation. Similarly its somber and severe discipline: this was the spiritual complement to the totalitarian regime desired by the fanatics in Parliament. Moreover, in the city of Geneva these Puritans had a working model of New Jerusalem as infectious in its influence as Russia in our time.

The parallel carries further. One of the conspicuous features about Communism is its party organization and discipline. The same is true of Elizabethan Presbyterianism. Both are singularly well adapted to subversive, minority movements. Both have made remarkable use of propaganda. Though primarily a clerical concern, the Elizabeth movement won wide support from the gentry, and even included Privy Councillors among its patrons and sympathizers. Many laymen were convinced adherents; still more were fellow-travelers.

To Queen Elizabeth Puritanism was an abomination. She hated and scorned its doctrinaire character, disliked its radicalism, and detested its inquisitorial discipline. Long before its conspiratorial nature and secret organization were revealed, and while some of her bishops and statesmen, beguiled by its lively virtues, were playing the role of fellow-travelers, she sensed the danger. Puritan divines briefed their supporters in the House of Commons and maintained a constant agitation there; but Elizabeth was adamant in resisting every Parliamentary effort to interfere in Church affairs. The struggle reached its climax in the Parliament of 1587 when the Puritan extremists, who had set up their secret presbyteries and were undermining the Church from within, attempted to impose their revolution on the country by legislation. The Queen imprisoned the group of M.Ps. responsible and set her best orators to expose the true character of their bill, thus checking fellow-travelers into some awareness of the company they had been keeping. A few years later, having uncovered the secrets of the Puritan clergy's organization, she was able to strike at its leaders and destroy a very dangerous conspiracy.

It remains for us to assess the merits of the Queen's policy. The

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history of the reign—in particular the Parliamentary history—leaves no doubt that but for Elizabeth's firm rule the period would have been much more cruel and bloody. Her statesmen—including the moderate Lord Burghley—were always bemoaning her merciful nature, perilous to herself and the country. We have observed in the totalitarian states of our own time that ideological regimes tend to evoke the worst instincts in men and bring brutes to the fore. As it was, the administration of the Elizabethan penal laws was not free from tyranny; nor, be it added, from astonishing lenity. The career of that notorious hunter of Catholics, Richard Topcliffe—a cultured gentleman, but a fanatic and sadist—shows that the Gestapo and the OGPU, with their abhorrent methods, are not so much the product of particular countries or a particular era as of a political system. There would have been many more Topcliffes in Elizabethan England if Parliament had had its way and a different sovereign been on the throne. If life had been made intolerable for ordinary Catholics their patriotism would have been submerged under fear, hopelessness, and passion. But they knew that their Queen was no fanatic, and though they suffered from recusancy fines and other troubles, they continued to be Englishmen first. Only the exiles and a few extremists of their faith welcomed the Spanish Armada.

Even more important: the damping down of ideological passion enabled the nation, when dangers eased, to recover balance. Fanaticism is not an enduring feature of civilized society. A new generation rarely experiences the same exaltation of spirit as the old: unless, indeed, the same causes persist; and perhaps, even then, only reluctantly, since it is not of their own creation. How foolish the first Stuart kings were, who provoked a new Catholic scare and so revived old passions. As Elizabeth's reign moved into its fourth decade the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the successful—nay, glorious—weathering of the international storm at the time of the Armada, and the gradual passing of the generation that had known persecution under Mary Tudor and endured the long nightmare of the cold war under Elizabeth all made for a relaxation of tension. A new mood is perceptible, strikingly perceptible, where the fanaticism of the high Elizabethan period was most apparent—in Parliament. The Parliament of 1593 saw two Government bills introduced against Catholics. They emerged as a bill against Protestant sectaries and only one against Catholics—the last anti-Catholic bill of the reign, with its penalties reduced by a Parliament now closer in sentiment to the Queen and more tolerant than her Privy Councillors.

If Parliament had had its way in the 1570s and 1580s and fastened on the community a merciless totalitarian system, with the consequent inflammation of passions and—what perhaps is more dangerous, because unperceived—with the momentum or inertia, also the vested interests, that any regime acquires, who can say when the country would have recovered? Certainly, a very different, a spiritually impoverished England would have emerged. To inject poison into the body politic is to take grave risks.

ONE question remains: How was it that a Queen so antipathetic to Puritanism managed to preserve and nurture in her people an exuberance of spirit derived largely from the emotions she opposed? Accident enters into the answer. She was all these zealots had. There was no obvious successor to look to. They cherished her as parents do an only child. But, as an explanation of Elizabethan England, how utterly inadequate this is! Positive qualities were there, lots of them: personality, ability, complete absorption in her country and task. Her people were left in no doubt that she was, as she claimed to be, "mere English." Moderation can be a gutless policy. We have Biblical authority for disliking people who blow neither hot nor cold: and an occasional hot-gospeller did not hesitate to quote the passage to Queen Elizabeth. But her moderation was the reverse of gutless. As she knew and was repeatedly told, it increased the risk to her own life immeasureably: thus, incidentally, inspiring more passionate love. In fact, her policy was a calculated and courageous gamble—trusting, for example, to outlive Mary Queen of Scots, rather than destroy her; trusting that the threatened storm would not come or could be weathered, rather than consent to courses detestable to her. Had her gamble failed, the name of Queen Elizabeth—as Peter Wentworth was bold enough to tell her—would have been infamous.

This woman was as vital as Winston Churchill and, like him, made romantic leadership an art of government. The name "Gloriana" and the phrase "*via media*" seem odd companions. But the liberal way of life is richest and fullest, and it was well for England that when men's passions led them from it she preserved the tradition. Her Puritan fanatics had no more obstinate opponent: she, in turn, had no more devoted worshipers. It is the strangest paradox of her reign and the supreme tribute to her greatness.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1123

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Uttering songs of triumph.

B. Art of reckoning by the fingers.

C. All the stories about the gods of a people.

D. Abnormally curious.

E. Where a statue of Will Rogers may be found in the Capitol in Washington (3 wds.).

F. Gift of nature.

G. The native Indian language of Guadeloupe.

H. One of the historic structures in Baltimore, Maryland (2 wds.).

I. Author of the Rollo Books (1803-79).

J. Describing hydrogen as an element.

K. Followed by Word S, how the umpire calls a ball too near the batter's leg (2 wds.).

L. Vulgarly showy.

WORDS

51 107 146 161 81 156 11 42

70 173 49 95 59 32 98 2 54 7 26

116

162 175 176 109 160 185 190 4 12

1 204 58 105 163 68 139 101 48 52 46

123 37 196 72 193 79 106 183 118 203

13 128 119 177 83 92 40 87 166

31 36 187 62 94 112

88 111 127 61 159 43 121 103 140

115 199 104 10 164 129

148 63 25 44 73 186 154 201

149 130 91 168 97 117

131 39 165 18 132 85

DEFINITIONS

M. Thessalian witch consulted by Pompey.

N. Going easily.

O. Stuffed and painted cloth doll (2 wds.).

P. Not capable of successful expedients.

Q. Two essential possessions of the hitchhiker.

R. To say or accomplish something in a brisk, lively fashion, esp. if with noisy accompaniment (2 wds.).

S. See Word K.

T. Inclosure in which fish or skins are salted (U.S.).

U. Growing upon or above the ground.

V. Directed (3 wds.).

W. Beyond control (3 wds.).

X. Whatever is suspended below.

Y. Cast aside as worthless (2 wds.).

WORDS

141 75 45 21 144 202 197 96

200 134 47 89 23 169 71

194 153 108 15 84 55 158

41 102 133 138 180 14 100 64 53

143 99 27 76 9 8

56 29 28 19 65 195 93 82 125

86 184 157 20 170 167

22 5 67 181 34

145 78 3 33 151 90 172 188

113 60 120 152 174 35 114 198 178 80 189

16 77 30 57 171 6 147 122 137

191 124 142 155 126 150 179 136 38

110 182 69 66 192 24 135 17 74 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 .D	2 B	3 U	4 C	5 T	■	6 W	7 B	8 Q	■	9 Q	10 I	11 A	12 C	■	13 F	14 P
15 O	16 W	17 Y	■	18 L	19 R	20 S	21 M	22 T	23 N	24 Y	25 J	■	26 B	27 Q	28 R	■
29 R	30 W	■	31 G	32 B	33 U	34 T	35 V	■	36 G	37 E	38 X	39 L	40 F	41 P	■	42 A
43 H	■	44 J	45 M	46 D	■	47 N	48 D	49 B	50 Y	■	51 A	52 D	53 P	54 B	■	55 O
56 R	57 W	58 D	59 B	60 V	61 H	■	62 G	63 J	64 P	■	65 R	66 Y	67 T	68 D	■	69 Y
70 B	71 N	72 E	73 J	■	74 Y	75 M	76 Q	■	77 W	78 U	■	79 E	80 V	81 A	82 R	83 F
84 O	85 L	■	86 S	87 F	■	88 H	89 N	90 U	91 K	■	92 F	93 R	94 G	95 B	96 M	97 K
■	98 B	99 Q	100 P	101 D	■	102 P	103 H	■	104 I	105 D	106 E	107 A	108 O	109 C	110 Y	■
111 H	112 G	113 V	■	114 V	115 I	116 B	117 K	118 E	■	119 F	120 V	121 H	122 W	■	123 E	124 X
■	125 R	126 X	127 H	128 F	129 I	■	130 K	131 L	■	132 L	133 P	134 N	■	135 Y	136 X	137 W
■	138 P	139 D	140 H	141 M	142 X	■	143 Q	144 M	145 U	■	146 A	147 W	148 J	149 K	■	150 X
151 U	■	152 V	153 O	154 J	■	155 X	156 A	157 S	158 O	■	159 H	160 C	■	161 A	162 C	163 D
164 I	165 L	166 F	167 S	■	168 K	169 N	170 S	■	171 W	172 U	173 B	174 V	175 C	■	176 C	177 F
■	178 V	179 X	180 P	181 T	182 Y	■	183 E	184 S	185 C	186 J	187 G	188 U	■	189 V	190 C	191 X
■	192 Y	193 E	194 O	195 R	■	196 E	197 M	198 V	■	199 I	200 N	201 J	202 M	203 E	204 O	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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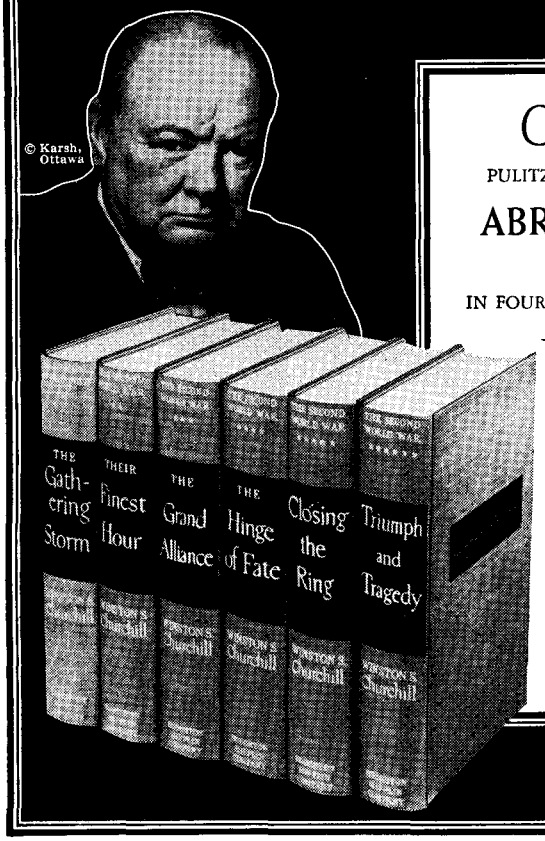

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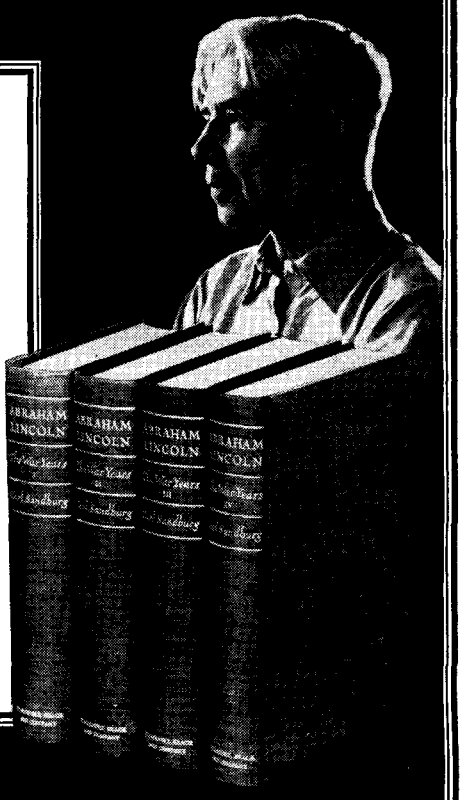

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